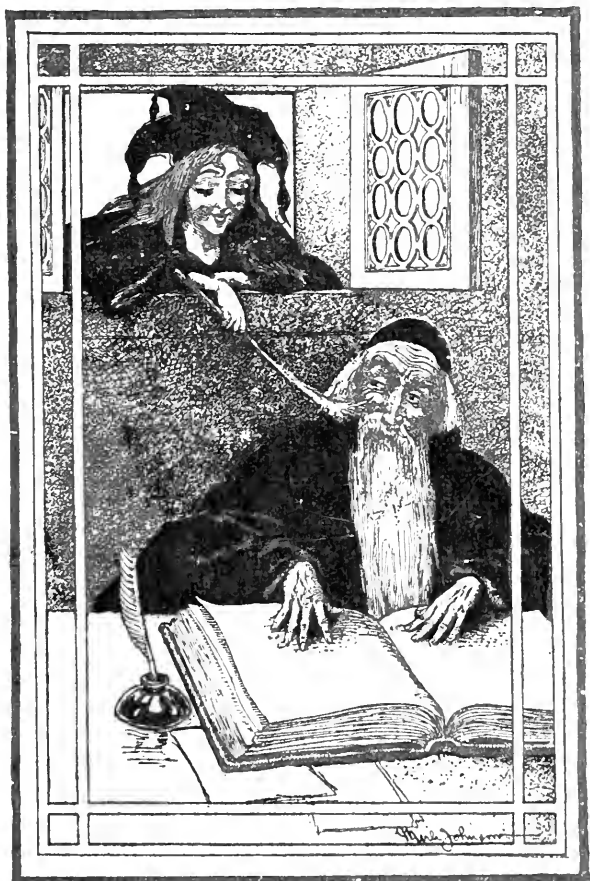


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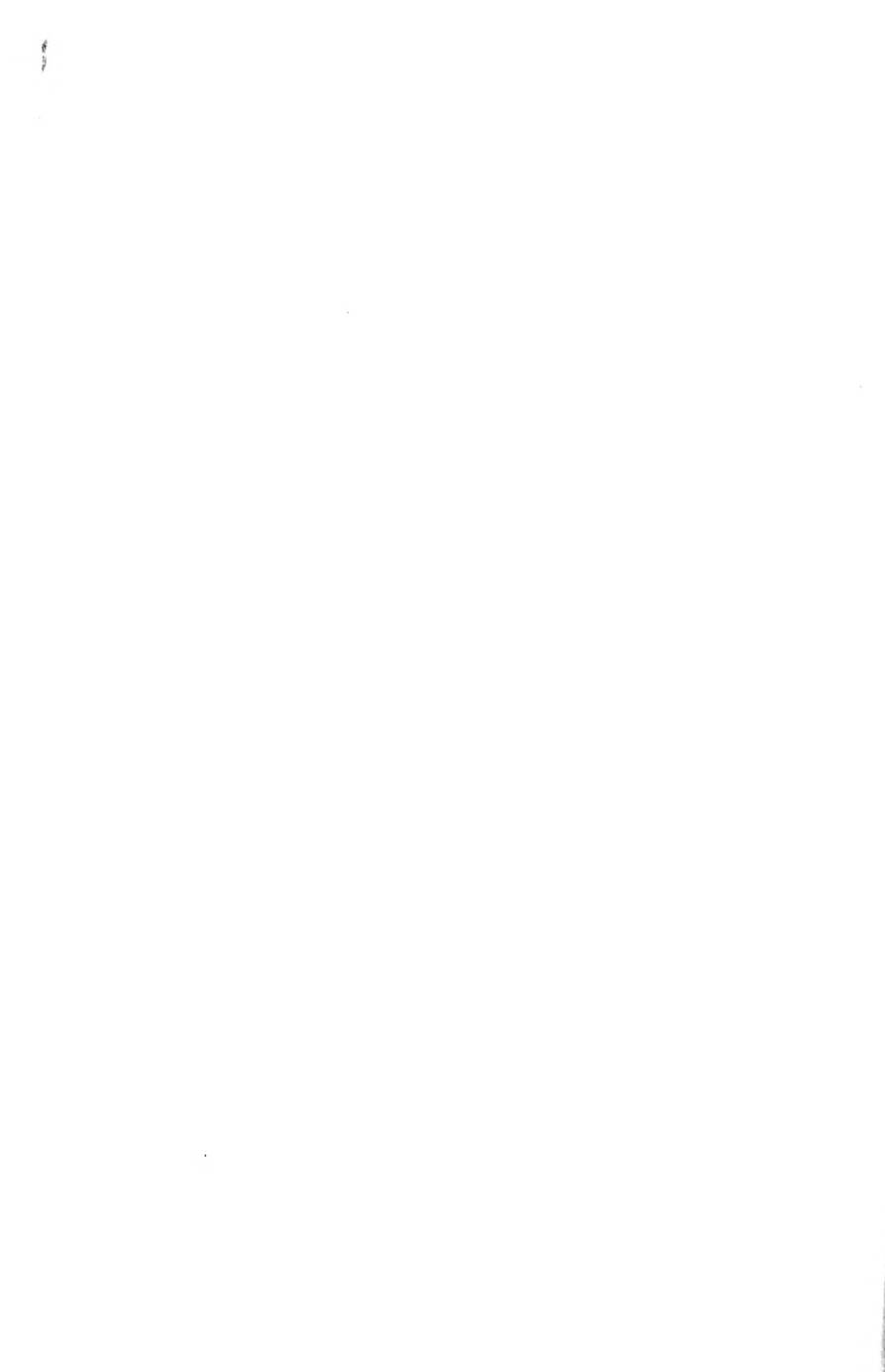
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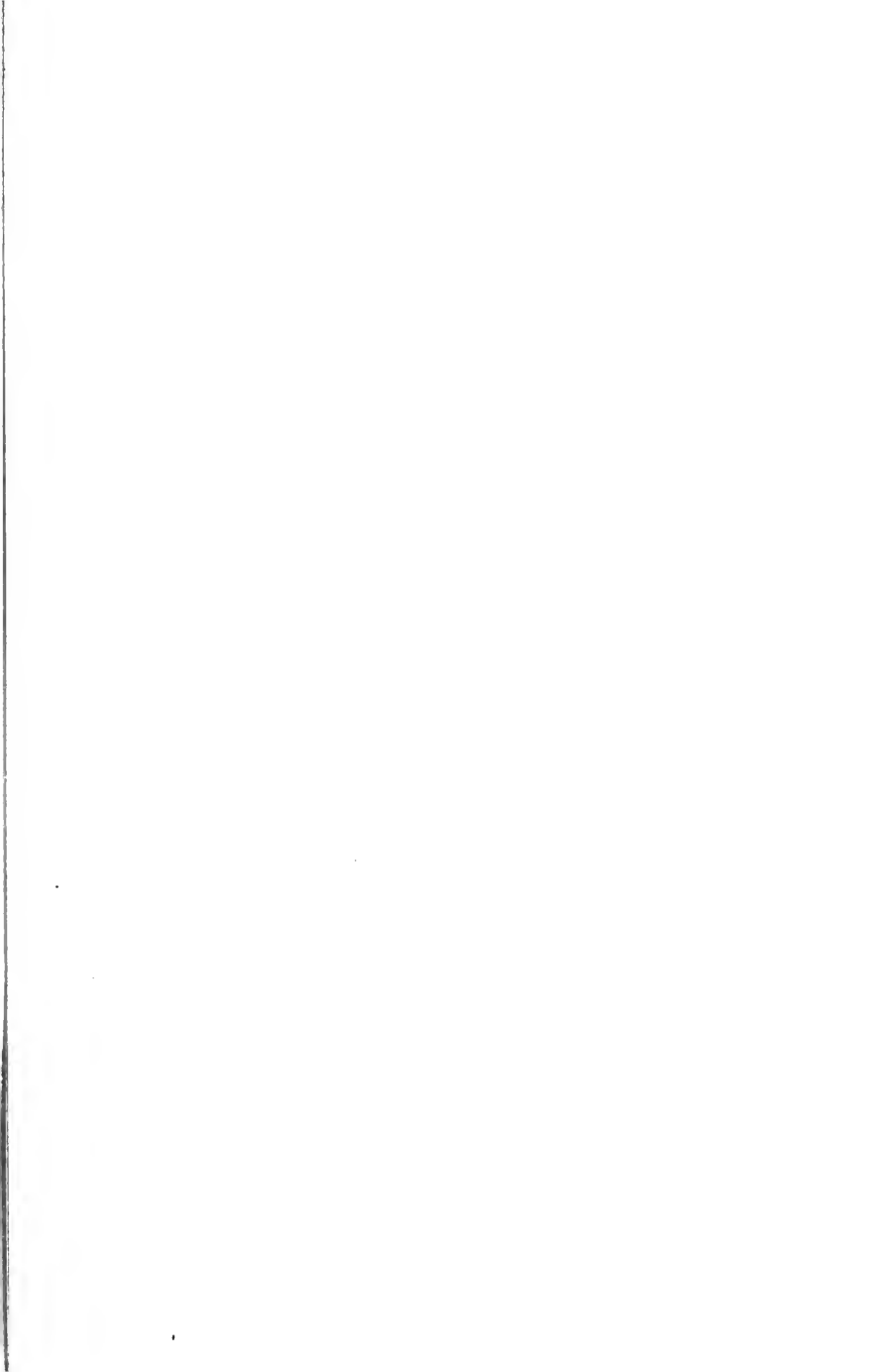
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# IN LIGHTER VEIN

A COLLECTION OF  
ANECDOTES, WITTY SAYINGS  
BON MOTS, BRIGHT REPORTEES  
ECCENTRICITIES AND  
REMINISCENCES OF  
WELL-KNOWN MEN AND WOMEN  
WHO ARE OR HAVE BEEN  
PROMINENT IN THE  
PUBLIC EYE

COLLECTED, EDITED  
AND PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC  
BY

JOHN DE MORGAN

AUTHOR OF

"LITERARY SIDE OF THE PRESIDENTS"  
"HOMES AND HAUNTS OF BRITISH AUTHORS"  
"HEROES OF THE CROMWELLIAN ERA"  
ETC.



PAUL ELDER & COMPANY  
SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK

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## *Introduction*

*At odd times and from various sources the Editor has gathered together these, among many more, anecdotes, witty sayings, bright repartees, sparkling rejoinders, slips of the tongue made and told by men and women whose names are as familiar as household words.*

*He is well aware that much that is witty is not humorous, for, as Lord Chesterfield well said, "True wit never made any man laugh since the creation of the world."*

*Wit is thought tersely expressed, for to quote Pope:*

*"True wit to Nature to advantage drest;  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well  
expresst."*

*Like wit, repartee is brilliancy of thought expressed in language terse and epigrammatic. "Lightning is the wit of heaven," said Sydney Smith, and his definition was a well-expressed epigram.*

*The world is full of wits, men who, as Sydney Smith once said, "have bodies not large*

*enough to cover their minds decently." The world, however, is far happier for having had them.*

*Wit originates in the mind, humor originates in the feelings; the essence of wit lies in the uniting of incongruous ideas, while the essence of humor lies in incongruities of manner and conduct.*

*Humor is often sympathetic, while wit is satirical; wit provokes laughter, humor is provocative of laughter. The humorist, by his humor, directs attention to the idiosyncracies, the views and aspects of other people, while the wit causes attention to center in himself, as the originator of the witticism.*

*In the anecdotes of prominent persons, by the reading of their witty sayings, through the scintillations of great minds, we find a relaxation in this modern work-a-day world, and we believe that the best men are to be found among those who enjoy wit and humor.*

*So, when the mind is tired, the brain worried into nervousness, let us cast aside thoughts of self and seek rest and pleasure in the Lighter Vein of Life.*

*J. De M.*

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# IN LIGHTER VEIN

I

*"One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling."*

AFTER his return to London from his first tour in the United States, Matthew Arnold visited old Mrs. Procter, widow of the poet "Barry Cornwall," and mother of Adelaide Procter. Mrs. Procter, who was then eighty years old, in giving Mr. Arnold a cup of tea, asked him, "And what did they say of you in America?" "Well," said the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes did not fit me." "Ah," remarked the old lady, "I think they were mistaken as to the clothes."

Arnold told a good story on himself when he was in the West. He had an off-night and was attracted by the announcement that a well-known elocutionist was to "entertain" at the Public

*Arnold*

*Arnold takes a cup of tea with Mrs. Procter*

*He tells a good story on himself*

Hall of the South Dakota town. He strolled, all unknown, into the hall and sat among the people. On the program was a poem by Arnold himself, entitled, "Youth's Agitations," beginning: "When I shall be divorced some ten years hence——" The elocutionist, unfortunately, paused a second, and in an instant a voice from the rear of the hall shouted, "Ten years! He should come out to Dakota, an' he can get one in two weeks!"

*Abernethy*

*The doctor's  
witty advice to a  
lazy patient*

DR. ABERNETHY was quite as celebrated as a wit as he was in his profession. One day a man, notorious for his laziness, called on him for advice. He went into details, pointing out how he suffered. The doctor wrote a prescription and handed it to him folded. The patient paid the guinea fee and departed, thoroughly disgusted when he opened the paper in his carriage, and read: "Live on sixpence a day and earn it."

*He prescribes  
for a woman of  
sense*

The doctor liked people who could explain their symptoms in the briefest possible manner. He met his ideal one day. A lady who had been burned in several places, but was able to get about, called on him. She entered his office,

turned up the sleeve of her dress and pointed to a red mark, saying, "A burn!" "Poultice!" answered the doctor. She bared her neck and showed another burn, merely using the two words, "A burn!" Again the doctor said, "Poultice!" "What fee?" she asked. "Nothing! Woman of sense!" answered Abernethy as he opened the door for her to pass out.

He hated shams, and on one occasion he fancied a pert young damsel had simulated fainting for effect. The doctor, being present, did not go near the crowd of friends gathered round her, but called out, "Pull off her stockings and tickle her feet." Instantly the fainting girl cried, "I shall go mad if you tickle my feet."

**G**RANT ALLEN once received this most delightful epistle: "Dear Sir—Pardon the liberty I am taking. In your clever story of THE GREAT RUBY ROBBERY you mention Browning being splendid for the nerves. Is there such a thing? Would you give me the address to obtain? I am a dreadful sufferer of nervousness. Under such circumstances you will accept my apology for troubling. Yours faithfully,— To Grant Allen, Esq."

*And startles a  
pert young  
damsel*

Allen

*Grant Allen  
recommends  
Browning for  
the nerves*

*What are Keats*

Alderson

*On the art of  
cross-  
examination*

Armstrong

*The writing  
expert and the  
hypothetical dog*

Mr. Clodd, who makes the letter public, suggests that it may have been written by the same individual who, on hearing the announcement of a lecture on Keats, asked, "What are Keats?"

**B**ARON ALDERSON, a celebrated English judge, once remarked to a counsel who was notorious for the personal nature of the questions he addressed to witnesses: "Really, you seem to think the art of cross-examining is to examine crossly."

**M**R. SERGEANT ARMSTRONG was one of the wittiest and most eloquent barristers of the Irish bar in the early part of the last decade of the nineteenth century. On one occasion he was cross-examining an expert in writing, and suddenly asked, "What has become of the dog?" This question was thrice repeated to the witness, who could only say that he did not know what the counsel meant. At last he said, "What dog?" "Do you swear you do not know?" "Yes." "Why," exclaimed the learned counsel in triumph, "I allude, of course, to the dog Judge Dowse told a jury he would not hang on your evidence!"



**I**N A recently published diary of a Court lady of the eighteenth century, we are told that Princess Amelia asked a remarkably tall man what he was intended for. "The Church," said he. "Oh, sir, you must mistake," said the princess; "it was certainly for the steeple!" This retort has frequently been attributed to Curran.

Amelia

*Princess  
Amelia's clever  
retort to a  
remarkably tall  
man*

*When a man says humorous things about you it makes you laugh; when he says witty things it makes you angry.*

Burns

*Bobbie Burns  
on the  
value of a stingy  
man's life*

THE POET Burns was standing on the dock at Greenock when a wealthy merchant fell into the Clyde. He was no swimmer and would have undoubtedly lost his life had not a sailor rescued him. The merchant, on recovering from his fright, put his hand into his pocket and presented the sailor with a shilling. Loud protests against the contemptible insignificance of the sum were uttered, but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, silenced the crowd. "Is not the gentleman," he exclaimed, "the best judge of the value of his own life?"

Berry

*"The Little  
Minister"*

AFTER the late Rev. Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, England, had delivered an address in Chicago, a lady rushed up to him and thanked him heartily for his address, but still more for his beautiful book which she had so greatly admired. "To which book do you refer, madam?" he asked. "Oh,

THE LITTLE MINISTER!" said the lady, who had confused the clergyman with J. M. Barrie. "No," answered Berry, who was a short man, "I did not write THE LITTLE MINISTER; I am 'The Little Minister.'"

WHEN the eccentric Belfast merchant, the originator of obstruction tactics in the British Parliament, died, a patriotic journal concluded an obituary notice thus eloquently: "A great Irishman has passed away. Heaven grant that many as great, and who as wisely shall love their country, may follow him!"

JUSTIN MCCARTHY tells a reminiscent story of the late Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher entered Plymouth Church one Sunday and found several letters awaiting him. He opened one and found it contained the single word, "Fool." Quietly and with becoming seriousness he announced to the congregation the fact in these words: "I have known many an instance of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name, but this is the only instance I have ever known of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter."

## Biggar

*The droll  
obituary notice  
of an Irish  
merchant*

## Beecher

*He forgot the  
letter*

Blowitz

*Monsieur makes  
an amazing  
"bull"*

*Sir Boyle Roche,  
his historic  
"bull" in the  
Irish Commons*

Bayard

*"Buy the rat,  
Tom!"*

THE ABLE Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, M. de Blowitz, a most careful and almost sedate man, was recently guilty of a "bull" worthy of Sir Boyle Roche. Referring to a passage from the Paris *Liberté*, he gave the world this amazing piece of natural history: "I quote this because the *Liberté* is one of those amphibious journals that, waiting to see which way the wind blows, sometimes unexpectedly turn the scale."

Sir Boyle Roche's famous "bull" was uttered in the Irish House of Commons and was a curious mixture: "Sir, I smell a rat; I see it in the air; but I will nip it in the bud."

IT is related of the late Mr. Bayard, Ex-Secretary of State and Ambassador to England, that his house being overrun with rats, he determined to buy a terrier. He applied to a most intimate friend, William R. Travers, who was not only a very witty man but a good all-round sport. Travers said he could get a first-rate terrier for his friend, and in order that Mr. Bayard could see the sporting qualities of the dog he took him to a rat-pit. The dog-fancier produced a dog and put him in the pit. Then he got a fierce-

looking rat and put it also into the pit. The two animals glared at each other, and as the animal made a dash, the terrier turned tail and ran, pursued by the rat. "Buy the rat, Tom," Travers shouted, "buy the rat!"

**A**N AMUSING story is told of Adam Black, the founder of the well-known firm of publishers, giving the reason for refusing the offer of knighthood, made to him in recognition of his great services in the cause of pure literature. "Na, na," said he in his broad Scotch dialect, "it would never do to have the laddies comin' into the shop and sayin', 'Sir Adam, I'll tak' a pennyworth of pens!'"

**J**USTICE BRAMWELL of the English High Court of Justice was a man of infinite wit. On one occasion Benjamin Whitworth, the millionaire manufacturer and life-long total abstainer, was a witness in a case tried before Bramwell. In the course of his examination, Whitworth said: "I am now in my sixty-third year of water-drinking." Justice Bramwell remarked: "The witness has gone a little beyond the exact truth, I should think. Surely the first of those

## Black

*Why the famous publisher refused knighthood*

## Bramwell

*Almost a life-long water-drinker*

Browning

*The royal guest  
asks some plain  
questions of his  
distinguished  
friends*

sixty-three years he did not drink water! He may have done so since. All I can say is, I hope he likes it."

A COMPANY of men distinguished in the professions had assembled at the house of a famous surgeon. A royal guest with that impertinence characteristic of princes, asked what a first-class surgeon could make in his profession. "Well, sir," said the host, "I should say about fifteen thousand pounds a year would be about the mark." "What," asked the prince turning to a lawyer who was the acknowledged leader of the English bar, "what does a good barrister make?" "I suppose in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand pounds a year." Turning to Sir John Millais, who was present, the prince said, "And what might a good painter earn?" "About thirty-five thousand——" "Oh, come now, that is too good!" exclaimed the prince, who began to think the men were having some fun with him. Millais became rather nettled, and spoke up hotly: "As a matter of fact, last year I made forty thousand pounds, and might have made more had I not been taking a holiday longer than usual in Scotland."

# IN LIGHTER VEIN

I I

Browning was in close conversation with Matthew Arnold and Tennyson, and when he heard Millais' remark, he put his arms through those of his friends, saying, "We don't make that by literature, do we?"

It was in a little country store out West, which served as grocery, dry goods, butcher's and post-office combined. A tourist, who had stopped off for the day, glancing over some books, asked, "Have you Browning?" "No, sir, we have not, but we have blacking and blueing. Would either of these do?"

A GREAT number of the best things said by the celebrated Burke were uttered in the course of those debates when the foolish fashion of the time emptied the benches at his rising. His being an Irishman, and belonging to the common people, made the ignorant and fashionable triflers who had a seat in parliament owing solely to their aristocratic birth, or their money, feel it a duty to their order to leave the house when he rose to speak. On one occasion he denounced in strong terms some act of the ministry. George Onslow, thinking he could gain some renown by tackling

*Blacking and  
blueing but no  
Browning*

Burke

*George Onslow  
attacks the great  
Burke with  
much ardor but  
little discrimina-  
tion*

the great Burke, started up, and with assumed indignation called the honorable member to a sense of his duty,—telling him that no man should be suffered, in his presence, to insult his Sovereign. Burke listened, and when Onslow sat down, he addressed the Speaker: “Sir, the Honorable Member has exhibited much ardor, but little discrimination. He should know that, however I may reverence the King, I am not at all bound, nor at all inclined, to extend the reverence to his Ministers. I may honor his Majesty, but, sir, I can see no possible reason for honoring,”—here he glanced at the Treasury bench on which Onslow was sitting,—“his Majesty’s man-servant, and maid-servant, his ox, and his *ass*!”

Barry

*A Republican  
hat: one without a crown*

**M**ICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY, one of the “Young Ireland” poets, was appointed, long after 1848, a police magistrate in Dublin. During the Fenian troubles an Irish-American arrested in Dublin on suspicion of being in Ireland with seditious designs was brought up before Barry. A constable deposed that the suspect was wearing a Republican hat. “A Republican hat!” exclaimed



the prisoner's counsel. "Does your worship know what that means?" "I presume," said Barry, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "that a Republican hat is a hat without a crown."

**T**HE PHILANTHROPIC Baroness Burdett-Coutts was once shopping in Paris, and was passed from one department to another by the clerks, always with the remark "two-ten." The lady became embarrassed and asked an official what it meant. "It is merely a password that the clerks are in the habit of exchanging," was the answer. That evening when the porter brought her purchases she asked him if he would like to earn five francs. Of course he had no objection, and the millionaire, a baroness in her own right, was told in answer to her question that "two-ten" meant that the clerks were to keep two eyes on her ten fingers. The mystery was explained,—the richest woman in Great Britain had been suspected of being a shoplifter.

**D**URING A tour of the United States in 1880, Sarah Bernhardt entered a Protestant Church, and there heard a clergyman denounce her as "an imp of

*Burdett-*

*Coutts*

*The  
philanthropic  
Baroness is sus-  
pected of being a  
shoplifter*

*Bernhardt*

*Denounced as an  
imp of  
darkness*

*Her soft answer*

*Bent*  
*Not the*  
*incumbent*

*Bismarck*  
*Bismarck knocks*  
*the conceit out of*  
*"Bull Run*  
*Russell"*

darkness, a female demon sent from the Modern Babylon to corrupt the New World." "On returning to her hotel," says Jules Huret, in his MEMOIRS OF SARAH BERNHARDT, "she wrote and sent to the clergyman this letter: 'My dear Confrère: Why attack me so violently? Actors ought not to be hard on one another. Sarah Bernhardt.'"

SIR ALGERNON WEST, in his REMINISCENCES, records the following *bon mot*. One of his contemporaries at Oxford, was Bent, who afterwards became the vicar of Woolwich. On leaving the Varsity he became a poorly paid curate. Somebody coming up to him in the street said, "I believe you are the incumbent." "No," he replied, "I am Bent without the income."

DURING the siege of Paris, Bismarck was a good deal irritated by some of the statements and comments which appeared in several of the London papers. At that time Dr. W. H. Russell, "Bull Run Russell," was acting as special correspondent for the *Times*, and in that capacity was often in Bismarck's society. One evening, when Bismarck had been denouncing the other English

papers with his usual vigor and pungency of phrase, Dr. Russell took occasion to remark, in a self-complacent way, "Well, you must admit, Count Bismarck, that I, at least, have been entirely discreet in everything I have written for the *Times*. You have always conversed before me with the utmost frankness on all sorts of subjects, and I have never repeated a word of anything you have said." Bismarck turned upon him with a look of mingled anger and contempt. "The more fool you!" he roared. "Do you suppose that I never said a word before you that I didn't want you to print?"

**L**ORD BROUGHTON had a most peppery temper. One day Thackeray had at his dinner a special bottle of Madeira. There was one glass left, and Thackeray, patting Lord Broughton on the back, said, "There, my dear old boy, you drink that." "I am not your dear boy, I am not old, and hang your wine!" said Broughton.

**W**HEN General B. F. Butler was in Congress, he rose in his place and insinuated that the member who was occupying the floor was transgressing

*Broughton*

"Hang your wine!" said Broughton

*Butler*

When the General was in Congress

Beaconsfield

*Disraeli wants  
to make suicide  
a capital  
offense*

*Epigrams*Bingham

*On the origin of  
"Wool" and  
"Wareham"*

the limit of debate. "Why, General," said the member in respectful tones, "you divided your time with me." "I know I did," rejoined the general, "but I did not divide eternity with you."

**L**ORD BEACONSFIELD when in the House of Commons, and known as Benjamin Disraeli, was guilty of many "bulls." On one occasion he proposed to make suicide a capital offense. "We only punish those who fail——," he said, and the laughter drowned the conclusion of the sentence. At another time he declared that, for a certain offense, imprisonment for life was "too short a term to be a deterrent."

In one of his novels he makes a character utter this epigram: "Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret."

In another is the witty remark: "Every woman ought to marry, but no man. It is a difficult rule; but the difficulty is solved by the exceptions."

**C**ANON BINGHAM was a most witty divine, and the clergy always enjoyed being with him at any time. On one occasion he was traveling with a number of clergy, in the County of

Dorset, and had to pass through two places named respectively Wool and Wareham. One of the clergy, in all seriousness, remarked that he had often been puzzled over the origin of the two names. "I can tell you the origin," said the canon: "We are in the midst of a sheep county, and at Wool you wool the sheep, and at Wareham you wear 'em."

THE REV. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, who was a very successful missionary in the West in pioneer days, says that he once officiated at two weddings in one day and was very much amused. "The first wedding fee I received," he wrote, "was ten dollars, a very large remuneration for the place and the people. After the second wedding the best man called me into a private room and thus addressed me: 'What's the tax, parson?' 'Anything you like, or nothing at all,' I answered. 'Now,' said he, 'we want to do this thing in proper shape, but I've had no experience in this business, and don't know what is proper. Just you name your figure.' I suggested that the legal fee was two dollars. 'Pshaw,' he said, 'this ain't legal! We

*Brady*

*He wanted  
to do the thing  
handsome*

Booth

*A tragedian  
who was also a  
wit*

Byron

*He is too polite  
to call the lady  
a cab*

*And declares  
that he never  
was an  
overcoat*

want to do the thing handsome.' 'Go ahead and do it,' I said. He reflected for a moment and then asked how much I had received for the first wedding in the morning. 'Ten dollars,' I replied. His face brightened; here was a solution of the difficulty. 'I'll go one better,' he said, and handed me eleven dollars."

**T**HE ELDER Booth had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him: "I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," the tragedian replied, "the bridge is gone."

**H**ENRY J. BYRON was not only witty as a playwright, but equally so in private life. He could scarcely talk without making puns, or indulging in witty remarks. A lady accosted him one day, and said, "Oh, Mr. Byron, will you please call me a cab?" He raised his hat and replied that he could not think of being so rude.

One bitterly cold day Byron was walking along the Strand when Lionel Brough, the comedian, met him, and said, "Why, Byron, you never wear an overcoat." "No," answered the *farceur*, "no, Brough, I never was."

Byron once remarked that "a play is very much like a cigar. If it's good, everybody wants a box. If it's bad, all the puffing in the world won't make it go."

**B**ISHOP BURNETT was once asked by a lady what wit was like, to which he replied: "Like your ladyship's bottle of sal volatile, pungent at first opening, but on being too much handled about, loses all its flavor, and becomes insipid."

**O**NE AFTERNOON, several years ago, Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, was lecturing at Chautauqua to an audience of at least five thousand persons. He had no sooner started when some man on the outskirts of the audience shouted, "Louder!" The doctor responded with a little more force in his voice; but the man again shouted, "Louder!" and again the doctor tried to speak so that he could be heard by all, but was again treated to the demand, "Louder!" The doctor turned and, pointing his finger at him, said, "If that man will use the entire length of his ear he will have no trouble in hearing." Dr. Buckley was not troubled again.

*Why a play is like a cigar*

Burnett

*The Bishop's keen definition of wit*

Buckley

*His ears were long enough*

Bunsen

*The German  
statesman's  
advice to young  
men*

ONE OF the most distinguished statesmen and scholars of Germany, Baron Christian Karl Josias Bunsen, gave this advice to some young men just going out into the world: "In clothing, live up to your means; in food, below your means; and in dwelling, above your means. Don't be a soldier; stand erect before a man with a title."

Blackie

*Professor Blackie  
gives and  
receives a lesson  
in personal  
tidiness*

GENIAL old Professor Blackie was a very picturesque figure in Edinburgh streets. He was venerable looking, with handsome features, and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack, with his, "Shine your boots, sir?" The professor was impressed by the dirtiness of the boy's face. "I don't want a shine, my boy," he said, "but if you'll go and wash your face, I'll give you sixpence." "A' richt, sir," was the boy's reply. Then he went to a fountain near by and performed his ablutions. On his return the professor beamed upon him in approval. "Well, my boy, you have earned your sixpence. Here it is!" "I dinna want it," returned the boy with a dignified air. "Ye can keep it and get your hair cut!"



# IN LIGHTER VEIN

2 I

THE LORD CHANCELLOR of England had invited his brother judges to breakfast at his country residence. Lord Bowen wished to ride with Mr. Justice Mathews and wrote this rhyming request: "My dear J. C. Will you be free, To carry me, Beside of thee, In your buggee, To Selborne's tea, If breakfast he Intends for we, On 2 November next, D. V.?"

A VERY stout man, making a personal application to Sir Francis Burdett, the father of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, seemed surprised that Sir Francis did not know him. "Why, I was at one time a page in your house, sir!" the man exclaimed. "Ah," said the baronet, "but you have become a volume since then."

ISAAC BUTT, Q. C., the founder of the Irish Home Rule movement, was a most homely looking man. He was rather sensitive about his plain features and therefore a remark made by one of the judges cut him to the quick. He was defending a man charged with Breach of Promise to Marry, and having a weak case, tried to show that the plaintiff was better off without such a

Bowen

*A quaint  
invitation in  
rhyme*

Burdett

*Much more than  
a page*

Butt

*The butt of his  
own joke*

husband. After denying the promise and painting his client in anything but complimentary fashion, he struck the table with his fist, and shouted: "Why, my lord, it is unnatural that the plaintiff should grieve over the loss of my client; he is the ugliest man in Dublin this day." "You forget yourself, Brother Butt," the judge interposed. Poor Butt was crimson; every one in the court laughed, and the plaintiff won her case.

Baxter

*Some curious  
titles*

THE REV. DR. BAXTER, the old Puritan divine, once wrote a religious book with the title, HOOKS AND EYES FOR BELIEVERS' BREECHES, and another bearing the quaint name, A SPIRITUAL PEPPER-BOX TO MAKE THE SOUL SNEEZE WITH DEVOTION.

Brooks

*The Bishop's  
plausible version  
of the "Jonah"  
narrative*

THE LATE Bishop Phillips Brooks had a version of the "Jonah" narrative, essentially his own. When some one was expressing wonder at the possibility of Jonah being swallowed by the whale, he said, "There was no difficulty about that, for Jonah was one of the Minor Prophets."

*No duties  
attached*

A clergyman who was going abroad to study said in jest that when he came back he might bring a new religion

with him. A person who was present said, "You may have some difficulty in getting it through the custom-house." "No," said Dr. Brooks, "we may take it for granted that a new religion will have no duties attached."

Dr. Brooks once contrasted the ancient church with the modern to the effect that then they tried to save their young men from being thrown to the lions; now we are glad if we can save them from going to the dogs.

SUPREME Court Judge Barrett is a great lover of literature, and has won for himself a place in the Republic of Letters. In his charge he frequently drops into poetry, and on one occasion in charging a jury in a telephone damage case, he quoted very aptly the quatrain:

The steed called Lightning, say the Fates,  
Is owned in the United States.  
'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse,  
Whose harness came from Doctor Morse.

Once in closing court at dinner hour, he said: "We will adjourn further testimony until morning, and respect the legal maxim in England, established by a poet—'Rogues must hang that jury-men may dine.'"

*The lions versus  
the dogs*

Barrett

*Judge Barrett  
frequently quotes  
poetry in court*

*Legal maxim  
established by a  
poet*

*"Wit is the lightning of the mind—the cayenne of conversation—and the salt of life."*

Corning

*The preacher  
bad  
poor terminal  
facilities*

JOHN CORNING, who was superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, when on a visit to his brother Erastus in Albany, was taken to church, and heard a sermon remarkable for its length. "What do you think of our preacher?" Erastus asked, as they left the church. "He is very fine," answered the railroad man, "but has poor terminal facilities."

Carroll

*More stupid  
even than  
"Alice in  
Wonderland"*

LEWIS CARROLL, author of ALICE IN WONDERLAND, told, with keen relish, of a rebuff given him by a little girl who knew him only as a mathematician. "Have you ever read THROUGH A LOOKING-GLASS?" he asked, expecting the child to give utterance to an expression of delight. "Oh, dear, yes," she replied, languidly. "It is even more stupid than ALICE IN WONDERLAND, don't you think so?"

Carlyle

*The Grand Cross  
no honor "to the  
likes of he"*

MANY amusing anecdotes are told of Carlyle in connection with his omnibus journeys from Chelsea into the

city. Froude, the historian, tells how one day he was walking with him when he suddenly, without a word of his intention, hailed a bus. Carlyle entered the vehicle but Froude climbed to the box seat. The coachman remarked: "Fine old gentleman he as got into the bus! We thinks a deal of him down Chelsea way." "Yes," said Froude, "and the Queen thinks a great deal of him too, for she has offered to make him a Grand Cross." The coachman flicked a fly off the near horse, and replied: "Very proper of she to think of it, and more proper of he to have nothing to do with it! It isn't that as can do honor to the likes of he!"

During another bus journey a passenger commented on the peculiarity of Carlyle's hat. "Old fellow got a queer 'at on," the passenger observed to the driver. "Queer 'at!" repeated the driver almost contemptuously. "He may have a queer 'at, but what would you give for the 'ead-piece inside of it?"

**W**HILE making the journey to Washington, just after his nomination for the presidency, Henry Clay was traveling on the back of the stage-coach

*Carlyle's  
"Queer 'at"*

Clay  
*Henry Clay  
bears himself  
criticised*

muffled up in a huge coat. Two passengers entered, Kentuckians like himself. Clay fell asleep, and, when he awoke, found them discussing his chances in the coming campaign. "What did Henry Clay go into politics for?" asked one. "He had a good bit of land; he had a keen eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock-raising he'd have been worth his fifty thousand; but now he doesn't own a dollar." Clay told the story afterwards, and added, "The worst of it was, every word was true." It was characteristic of the man that at the next stopping-place he hurried away and took another coach lest his critics should recognize him and be mortified at the unintentional rudeness of their remarks.

*Candler*

*The printer was  
right*

BISHOP W. A. CANDLER, at a Methodist Conference at Washington, said that some years previously he sent an article to a paper, containing the sentence, "We pray too loud and work too little." When the article appeared in proof it read, "We bray too loud and work too little." The Bishop said, "I let it go at that; the fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I did not attempt to correct it."

WHEN Sir Colin Campbell was an officer in the English army stationed in India, he was asked, officially, why there was so much grumbling about the climate. Scotchman though he was he perpetrated a "bull," which can be found on the records of the English War Department. He wrote in his official report: "A lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink, and eat, and die, and then write home and tell their friends the climate killed them."

SENATOR COKE, of Texas, was once opposed by a man named Cole, who, being a most eloquent man, was getting the better of him. The Coke party held a mass-meeting, but at the last moment it was discovered that no speaking talent was present. A rough fellow, who had been a coal-miner in West Virginia, pushed forward to the platform and volunteered to speak. After some hesitation the committee consented, and the man mounted the platform. "Feller citizens," he commenced, "I'm here to talk to you about Coke and Cole! You know me, and you know I know what I'm talking about, and I want to ask you if you know the difference between Coke and

Campbell

*The trouble with  
the climate*

Coke

*The difference  
between Coke  
and Cole*

Cruikshank

*The famous caricaturist nearly loses his "bloomin' 'ead"*

Cole. But it ain't necessary; every man of you knows that the difference between them is the gas that is in the Cole!"

THE FAMOUS caricaturist, George Cruikshank, was a most zealous abstainer from intoxicants. He never missed an opportunity of expounding his views. One day he was crossing Waterloo Bridge, in London, when he seized a man who was trying to pick his pocket. Cruikshank held the man in an iron grip while a policeman approached, and improved his opportunity by saying: "I feel sure that you have been demoralized and ruined by love of drink. I, on the other hand, have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor for the last twenty years." "What!" exclaimed the prisoner, "I've let myself be took by a teetot'ler! W'y if I'd known you was a water drinker, I'd 'ave knocked your bloomin' 'ead hoff."

Chevalier

*Thomas had forgotten the board*

ALBERT CHEVALIER, the singer of A Coster ballads, says: "I once played a short season in Glasgow with H. Cecil Beryl, who produced a round of pieces. In one old-fashioned melodrama, Brandon Thomas, as a smuggler, had to fight



with, and receive a drubbing from, Macintosh, who impersonated the virtuous hero. At rehearsal it was arranged that Thomas should wear, under his coat, a small wooden board to protect his back. At night Macintosh came on as arranged, armed with a thick heavy stick. He made one wild swoop and hit Thomas, who dropped at the first blow and declined to continue the struggle. He had forgotten the board."

GENERAL CHAFFEE is noted for his gutter disregard of what his men call "frills." His dress in the field differs but slightly from that of the private, and oftener than not he wears no insignia of his rank. At Siboney, in Cuba, he passed a young lieutenant of a Michigan regiment without saluting. This infraction of military regulations on the part of what appeared to be a private soldier highly incensed the lieutenant. A sharp command—"Halt!" awakened the general, and, entering into the humor of the thing, he halted and faced about. "Are you in the army?" asked the lieutenant. "Yes, sir." "Regulars or Volunteers?" "Regulars," answered Chaffee. "Haven't you been in the army long

## Chaffee

*The General is disciplined by a young lieutenant of Volunteers*

*And learns  
something of  
army regulations*

enough to know that it is customary to salute when you meet an officer in uniform?" "I know that, sir; but down here we've kind of overlooked salutes and ceremonies." "Well, I haven't, and I want you to understand it. Now, 'Attention!'" The general stood at "attention." "Salute!" The salute was given. "How long have you been in the service?" "About thirty-five years," General Chaffee replied. "Well, you've learned something of army regulations and customs this morning. Remember who gave you the lesson. I am Lieutenant —— of the ——th Michigan Regiment. Now, what's your name and regiment?" General Chaffee, highly amused, stood erect, saluted again, and said, "General Chaffee, sir, commanding the ——th Division." The lieutenant was thunderstruck, and for a moment was too dazed to utter a word of apology. When he was able to speak he began to excuse himself; the general stopped him. "That's all right, my boy. You were in the right. Of course you did not know me, and an enlisted man should always salute an officer, even if we do overlook it at times. Always

stick as close to the regulations as that and you'll make a good officer."

When Chaffee was only a captain in 1878, he was stationed in Arizona, and passed a winter in the field. The weather was very bad, and the captain ordered his personal attendant, an Irish veteran known as Muldoon, to bring him some dry wood. The Irishman replied, "Captain, there don't be any." Chaffee was imperative, and Muldoon went forth in the mud on a hopeless quest. He did not return, and was regarded as a deserter. Two years later Chaffee, having become major, was in command of Fort McDowell, on the Lower Verde, a hundred miles south of the point where Muldoon had disappeared. The major was sitting on the veranda smoking a cigar when a figure came staggering along with an immense armful of mesquit, and in the richest of brogues exclaimed, "Captain, I've brought ye th' dhry wood!"

THE GREAT French singer, Capoul, tells a story somewhat against himself. At the very height of his fame it was the fashion to wear the hair *a la Capoul*. One day he rushed into a

*Muldoon brings  
in the dry wood*

Capoul

*His singular  
misfortune*

hair-dresser's, just a few minutes before a big concert at which he was "billed" to appear. After the barber had shaved him and cut his hair, he asked, "What coiffure does monsieur desire?" "Well," said Capoul, blushing, "the coiffure *a la Capoul*, as that is the fashion." The hair-dresser turned and re-turned the singer's head, and, after a long examination, exclaimed, "*A la Capoul? A la Capoul?* Ah, monsieur, it is not possible! You have n't the head for that!"

Choate,

Joseph

*Joseph Choate  
drops his "h"  
in England*

*He visits  
Canon Scott*

ON HIS arrival in England Mr. Choate, the United States Ambassador, was at once tackled by an interviewer. "Mr. Joseph H. Choate, I believe?" said the interviewer. "No, sir; Mr. Joseph Choate," the Ambassador replied. "In England I drop my 'h'."

During his residence in England Mr. Choate was at one time the guest of Canon Scott, the rector of Lavenham, which boasts one of the finest and oldest parish churches in England. While going over the church Mr. Choate was much struck with its beauty and antiquity and kept asking his host the age of this, that and the other thing. "That screen must be very ancient?" Mr.

Choate queried. "Why, yes, it is centuries old!" "And this paneling on the door?" "Oh, that is quite modern," replied Canon Scott, with a merry twinkle in his eye; "it was only put up a few years before the discovery of America, you know."

Joseph Choate's self-possession is seldom disturbed. Once, however, he was disconcerted. It was during the trial of a well-known will case. Mr. Felix McClusky, formerly doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, was on the stand.

"Now, Mr. McClusky," insinuatingly asked the great lawyer, "isn't it true that you are the modern Munchausen?"

"You're the second blackguard that has asked me that within a week," roared McClusky, "and——"

He got no further; a roar of laughter at Choate's expense drowned the rest of the retort.

**R**UFUS CHOATE once made a strange "break" in complimenting Chief Justice Shaw. "When I look upon the venerable Chief Justice Shaw," he said, "I am like a Hindoo before his idol——"

*McClusky turns  
the laugh on  
Choate*

Choate,  
Rufus

*A left-handed  
compliment for  
the Chief  
Justice*

*Nothing left but  
the by-laws*

Casey  
*And Mr. Casey  
got the position*

I know that he is ugly, but I feel he is good and great."

By overwork Mr. Choate had shattered his health. Edward Everett expostulated with him on one occasion, saying: "My dear friend, if you are not more self-considerate you will ruin your constitution." "Oh," replied Choate, "the constitution was destroyed long ago. I am now living on the by-laws."

**T**HOUGH it has often been asserted that politics do not count for much in public appointments in Great Britain, yet the reverse is the truth. The Prime Minister at one time wanted to give a Mr. Thomas Casey an appointment which was supposed to be filled by a lawyer. Now Casey was not a lawyer, but by a little wire-pulling the Prime Minister got one of the benchers appointed as a special examiner to examine him as to his knowledge of the law. "Now, Mr. Casey," said the bencher, "what do you know about law?" "To tell the truth, sir, I do not know a single thing." The examiner reported that he had duly examined Mr. Casey "as to his knowledge of the law, and to the best of my information and belief he

has answered the questions put to him correctly." Mr. Casey got the position.

**T**HERE is a celebrated reply of Mr. Curran to a remark of Lord Clare, who curtly exclaimed at one of his legal positions, "Oh, if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law books!" "Better read them, my lord," was the sarcastic and appropriate rejoinder.

When Curran was in his last illness, the doctor remarked that he seemed to cough with great difficulty. "That is strange," said the wit, "for I have been practicing all night."

**A** GENERATION ago there was a very distinguished serjeant-at-law, bearing the name of Channell, who, for some reason, was always at fault with his h's. He was a brilliant scholar, spoke most excellent English save for that one difficulty. One day in the Admiralty Court, London, before Mr. Justice Cresswell, a case was being tried, and Serjeant Channell was on one side and Sir Frederic Thesiger on the other. Every time the former mentioned the vessel he called it the *Ellen*; every time Thesiger mentioned her he called her the *Helen*. At last the judge,

Curran

*Mr. Curran's  
celebrated reply  
to Lord Clare*

*His last joke*

Channell

*Sir Frederic  
Thesiger  
enlightens the  
court*

*Lost in the chops  
of the Channell*

with quaint gravity, said: "Stop! What was the name of the ship? I have it on my notes the *Ellen* and the *Helen*. Which is it?" The members of the bar grinned, the judge looked very grave. "Oh, my lud," said Thesiger, in his blandest and most fastidious manner, "the ship was christened the *Helen*, but she lost her 'h' in the chops of the Channell."



*Wit is brushwood, judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.*

**D**R. RANDALL DAVIDSON, Bishop of Winchester, is a wit. After an ecclesiastical gathering, as the clergy were going in to luncheon, one of the "unca guid" observed, "Now to put a bridle on our appetites!" The bishop retorted, "Now to put a bit between my teeth!"

**W**HEN Judge Dowse, the witty and accomplished Irish baron, was practicing at the bar, a judge asked, "For whom are you concerned in this case, Mr. Dowse?" "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff; but I am engaged for the defendant," was his reply.

It was Dowse who was guilty of a most absurd "bull," during a debate in Parliament, on the high rate of mortality in some districts of Ireland. "I do not know the cause," said the member, "but it is a fact that many people are

Davidson

*The Bishop  
prefers a bit  
between his teeth*

Dowse

*A witty  
distinction*

*And a most  
absurd "bull"*

*Dumas*

*The elder  
Dumas' famous  
rejoinder to  
Cremieux*

*A clever  
repartee*

*Dumas orders  
his dinner by  
pencil sketches*

dying this year who have never died before."

**M**OSCHELES, the portrait painter, tells this anecdote of the elder Dumas, in his FRAGMENTS OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: Cremieux, notoriously the plainest man in France, thought to turn a laugh against Dumas with whom he was dining in a public restaurant, by asking him, "Was your father a mulatto?" "Yes," answered Dumas, "my father was a mulatto, my grandfather a negro, and my great-great-grandfather a monkey; my family began where yours ends."

A playwright once offered to collaborate with Dumas in writing a play. "It is not usual," replied the novelist, "to yoke a horse and an ass together." "*Comment donc!*" retorted the other. "How dare you, sir, insinuate that I am a horse?"

Dumas could not speak a word of German and would not try to learn the language. Once he was in a village where all the people spoke German. Dumas entered an inn and tried, by elaborate pantomime, to explain to the landlord that he wanted a lunch of

beefsteak and mushrooms. In vain were all his gestures, and driven to desperation, Dumas took out his pencil and drew a representation of a mushroom. The landlord smiled and went away. "Ah," exclaimed Dumas, also smiling, "what it is to be fertile of resource! I shall enjoy my mushrooms all the better after this." The landlord returned and Dumas smiled until the landlord handed him—an umbrella!

Dumas was scarcely courteous when speaking of woman. He once wrote:

"The Bible says that woman is the last thing which God made. He must have made it on Saturday night. It shows fatigue."

**D**ISRAELI, while Prime Minister of England, was the least communicative of men. On one occasion, the Duchess of Teck says she was dining with him, and the court was very desirous of finding out the minister's reason for inaction during a crisis in foreign affairs. "What are you waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?" she asked, thinking that he would unburden himself to a princess. The prime minister paused long enough to look at his *menu* card,

*And is banded  
an umbrella*

*Disraeli*

*The Duchess of  
Teck dines with  
the Prime  
Minister*

*Disraeli sets a  
trap for  
Gladstone who  
neatly steps  
into it*

and then replied, "Mutton and potatoes, your Highness!"

Disraeli once trapped his great political antagonist. Gladstone had made a most impassioned appeal in favor of the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Disraeli pointed out that the result would be to destroy the independence of those people, and the only thing left would be the remorse "which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day." In reply, Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that the designation, "the rhetorician of the day," was intended for himself. "I beg your pardon! I really did not mean that!" Disraeli interrupted. Words could not convey the expression of amazement and indignation on Gladstone's face, while his opponent's satisfied smile, as he sat down, told of his enjoyment.

*Dunning  
Lord Ashburton  
tells one on  
himself*

MR. DUNNING, afterwards Lord Ashburton, told a story against himself. He says he was once cross-examining a witness who had the reputation of frequently changing his residence in order to evade his creditors. "And

why," he asked, "did you leave your last place of abode?" "Only to avoid the rascally impertinence of *dunning*," was the ready and witty reply.

**D**R. CONAN DOYLE is the hero of a story in a small Irish town. The town possesses a convent ruled over by a Mother Superior, whose eyes have long since failed her. Going into the local bookseller's store she picked up a book which she thought was written by Canon Doyle, a dignitary of renown in that district. She bought it, and had it read aloud for the edification of the novices during the midday meal. The edification in the first chapter seemed far to seek from a conventual standpoint. Never had love-making been so freely alluded to within those walls. The novices were thrilled. "Well, well, the dear canon is preparing us for a miracle of grace," said the Mother Superior. "The frivolous flirt, by the mercy of Heaven, no doubt ends by taking the veil." Then came the awakening. Some one eagerly peering into the volume perceived that the title page bore the word "Conan" instead of "Canon." The discovery reached the ears of the

*Doyle*

*The novices did  
not object to  
Conan Doyle*

Mother Superior. "Very well," she said, "the bookseller where we bought the book is a pious Catholic, and now that we have paid for it, we should be wasteful not to read it to the end." The novices did not object, but after that books read at the midday meal were more closely examined.

**A**N IRISH clergyman named Day lost a pet dog, and advertised for it, adding to the advertisement the sentence: "As every dog has his day, every Day ought to have his dog."

**A**FEW years ago there lived an eccentric benefactor in Rhode Island bearing the name of Dorsey. At one time Mr. Dorsey offered the warden of a prison two hundred dollars, on condition that he would give the prisoners a roast turkey dinner. The offer was accepted, but Mr. Dorsey afterwards found that the turkeys had been boiled, upon which he sued the warden for breach of contract, and recovered the two hundred dollars. In relating this episode, he remarked: "If the old gentleman, on the return of the prodigal son, had said, 'Boys, now roast the fatted calf for the feast of welcome,' how would he have

Day

*The Day of the  
dog*

Dorsey

*Boiling the  
fatted calf*

felt if, on going into the kitchen, he had found them *boiling* the calf!"

A DEALER in musical instruments once offered a flute to Charles Dickens, which he averred had belonged to Lord Byron, and was therefore esteemed valuable as a memento of the great poet. Dickens wrote in reply to the offer:

"Mr. Charles Dickens is much obliged to Mr. Claridge for the offer of Lord Byron's flute. But, as Mr. Dickens cannot play that instrument himself, and has nobody in the house who can, he begs to decline the purchase, with thanks. Devonshire Terrace, Twentieth June, 1848."

The late Sir John Bennett, the eccentric and witty clockmaker of Cheapside in London, had a letter written by Charles Dickens framed and hanging on the wall of his private office. It read as follows:

"My dear Sir: Since my hall clock was sent to your establishment to be cleaned it has gone (as indeed it always has) perfectly, but has struck with great reluctance, and after enduring internal agonies of a most distressing nature it has now ceased striking altogether.

## Dickens

*He writes a humorous letter declining the offer of Lord Byron's flute*

*And another to an eccentric clock-maker*

Though a happy release for the clock, this is not convenient for the household. If you can send down any confidential person with whom the clock can confer, I think it may have something on its works that it would be glad to make a clean breast of. Faithfully yours, Charles Dickens. Higham by Rochester, Kent, Monday night, Sept. 14, 1863."

Depew

*If the Senator  
should ever get  
lockjaw*

SENATOR CHAUNCEY DEPEW delights in telling a good story even when it is against himself. Recently he was at a dinner, no unusual thing for him, and was called upon to make one of those post-prandial speeches for which he is so famous. He responded to the call and spoke very earnestly for several minutes and then paused, longer than usual. A friend, pulling himself up in his chair and looking very impressive, said: "Senator, you might have pneumonia and recover, you might have small-pox and recover, but if ever you get lockjaw you'll burst."

Dartmouth

*Enter the Ladies  
Legge*

THE FAMILY name of the Earl of Dartmouth is Legge. One evening at Stafford House, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, it fell to the lot of a somewhat deaf functionary to announce



the Countess of Dartmouth and her daughters—the Ladies Legge. “Lady Dartmouth,” called the man, who had caught only half the sentence. “And the Ladies Legge,” repeated her ladyship. “And the lady’s legs,” echoed the servant.

A WITNESS who was very prolix, tiring the patience of the bench, counsel and jury, was suddenly asked by Judge Joseph F. Daly, “What is your business?” The witness answered, “I lead the orchestra at a music hall.” “I thought,” responded the judge, with a weary look at the clock, “that you were an expert at beating time.”

Daly

*A prolix  
witness*

*When Aristippus was retiring from the court of Dionysius he met Diogenes, and said: "If you knew how to manage kings you need not live on herbs." Replied Diogenes: "If you could live on herbs, you need not follow kings."*

Erle  
*Unexpressed  
Profanity*

Evart  
*The donkey  
missed him*

*A hint to  
farmers*

"SIR," said old Sir William Erle to a man who had offended him, "you don't know the strength of the expressions I am not using."

WHEN the late Senator Evarts was at Washington his family spent the greater portion of the year on his farm in Vermont. One day he received a letter from his youngest daughter, which so amused him that he handed it round among his colleagues and thus it became public property. "Dear papa," it said, "do come home; my donkey is very lonesome without you."

"Does your farm fad pay?" a brother senator asked him. "Yes," was the reply,

"it pays handsomely. I credit the farm with everything taken from it, but charge nothing for what I put on it."

The senator was much given to exceedingly long and involved, though perfectly lucid, sentences. This habit was the subject of more or less jocular criticism on the part of the press. Some one commented on the fact one day to Evarts. His eyes twinkled as he replied, "Yes, I know. There are two classes of people who are very much opposed to long sentences—telegraph operators and criminals."

GEORGE ELIOT was always very solicitous about her manuscripts, and was afraid that they would get lost. Her publisher was to return the manuscript of DANIEL DERONDA and she begged of him not to send it by mail, for "it might get lost." Mr. Blackwood sympathized with her and said that he would send his own footman over with it the next day. "Oh, don't!" the author said quickly; "he might stop at a public house and forget it." The publisher explained that the footman was a total abstainer and of a very high character, but that did not reassure her

*Two classes of people opposed to long sentences*

Eliot

*"Daniel Deronda" was safely delivered*

at all. "If he is the sort of careful, chivalrous man you describe," she said, "he is just the kind that would stop and help at a fire!" This was a contingency Mr. Blackwood had not thought of, and he promised that some member of his family should personally deliver the manuscript to her. On the following day Mrs. Blackwood took the precious parcel herself to the eccentric lady.

Earle

*A wit of the  
reign of Queen  
Anne*

MALCOLM EARLE, a wit of the reign of Queen Anne, was very bitter and sarcastic when writing about woman. He is the author of the couplet:

"'Twixt women and wine, man's lot  
is to smart;  
'Tis wine makes his head ache, and  
women his heart."

He toasted "Woman" in these words:

"To the Ladies, who are like watches,  
pretty enough to look at, sweet faces  
and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to regulate when once set a-going."

Elizabeth

*Queen Bess  
exchanges greetings with the  
men of Coventry*

"GOOD Queen Bess," as some historians call Queen Elizabeth of England, was sarcastic, satirical and witty in her dealings with courtiers.

When she passed through the historic

town of Coventry on her way to Kenilworth Castle, the mayor and council asked permission to present an address of welcome. The desired permission was granted, and the mayor knowing that the queen had constituted herself a patroness of literature, resolved to make the address poetic, and this is what he read:

“We men of Coventree  
Are very pleased to see  
Your gracious Majestee.  
Good Lord! how fine ye bee!”

The queen smiled, then frowned, and immediately replied:

“My gracious Majestee  
Is very wroth to see  
Ye men of Coventree.  
Good Lord! what fools ye bee!”

*The Greeting*

*The retort  
courteous*

*Laughter is the daylight of the soul, a smile is its twilight.*

Franklin

*Franklin's wit,  
patriotism and  
piety saved the  
occasion*

ON ONE occasion long after Washington's name had become familiar to all Europe, Benjamin Franklin dined with the English and French ambassadors, when several famous toasts were drunk. The British ambassador proposed: "England—the sun whose brightest beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth!" Not to be outdone, the French ambassador gave as his toast: "France—the moon whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful!" Each wondered what Franklin could propose, but he was ready for the occasion, and gave: "George Washington—the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him!"

Faussett

*An unknown  
punster*

AN ALMOST unknown punster, Faussett, is yet unrivaled. His puns, though published anonymously, have been quoted all over the world. He was a Cambridge graduate of the same class

as J. K. Stephen. During the Franco-German war it was from his pen that the quatrain, so oft quoted, came:

“By Grace divine, my dear Augusta,  
We’ve given the French an awful  
duster;  
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent  
below,—  
Praise God from whom all blessings  
flow.”

When King Coffee Calcalli fled from his burning capital, during the Ashanti war, Faussett wrote for *Punch* this quatrain:

“Coomassie’s town is burnt to dust,  
The King, escaped is he:  
So Ash-and-Coffee now remain  
Of what was Ash-an-tee.”

*His celebrated  
quatrains on  
King Coffee  
Calcalli*

*The real light of the world comes from two sources: the sun and the student's lamp.*

Grossmith

*English as she  
is spoke*

A NEW YORK man was once chaffing George Grossmith about the pronunciation of certain words. Grossmith, very much amused, retorted: "It's our language, you know. We invented it before you were discovered." The New Yorker was not a bit abashed, but paused a moment, and then said: "That's so. Well, I think it's about time you learned to speak it."

Greeley

*Horace Greeley  
discusses  
woman's rights  
with an able  
representative*

HORACE GREELEY, having discussed the question of woman's rights with an able representative of the idea, wound up with the contention that in times of war women were quite useless. "What would you do," he asked, "in the event of civil war?" "Just what you do, Mr. Greeley; I should sit in my office and write articles urging other people to go and fight."

*Crime, the sin  
news of  
journalism*

"Why do you publish so many records of crime in *The Tribune*?" the great editor was once asked. Though not given to witty replies, he answered



with a chuckle: "Because they are the *sin news* of the paper."

**W**HEN Grant was president he often fulminated against some "improvements" voted for in the "River and Harbor Bill." On one occasion a Virginian, failing to get Congress to stick in an appropriation for the dredging of a little stream in his section, finally importuned Grant in the matter. "Let me see," Grant said musingly, "I believe I crossed that stream—in 1864, wasn't it?" The Virginian who remembered that crossing very well, answered in the affirmative. "Look here," said Grant, after a pause, his face lighting up suddenly, "why don't you macadamize it?"

**S**OME very amusing anecdotes are told about the Rev. Dr. Gott, who was Vicar of Leeds, Dean of Worcester and later Bishop of Truro. He was notoriously absent-minded, and at Worcester was called "Dean Forgott." On one occasion he had preached his sermon and put the manuscript in his cassock pocket. On descending the pulpit stairs he felt the manuscript, and at once turned, walked into the pulpit and

## Grant

*The President  
makes a practical  
suggestion*

## Gott

*Dean Gott's  
most amazing  
lapse of memory*

*He dismisses his  
guests before  
serving dinner*

commenced preaching the sermon over again, having forgotten that he had already delivered it. The parish clerk ascended the steps and whispered to the clergyman, who extricated himself from his difficulty in the best way he could.

While dean, he invited a number of friends to dinner, and a short time before the dinner hour he suggested that a stroll through his greenhouses would be a good appetizer. After spending a quarter of an hour or so in admiring the rare plants, they suddenly came across a small door in the wall. "Ah," said the dean to his astonished guests, "this will be a much shorter way home for you than going by the front way," and quite forgetful of his invitation he opened the door and bowed them out.

*Salisbury puns,  
the Queen  
laughs and the  
Dean becomes a  
Bishop*

It has been said that his nickname obtained for him the bishopric. The Marquis of Salisbury had been in consultation with the queen, who has the appointing of the bishops, when he suddenly remembered that he had not mentioned the vacant bishopric. "And the See of Truro, your Majesty?" he said. "Ah," replied the queen, "for

the moment I had forgot." "Quite so, your Majesty; if you will graciously pardon the interruption," put in the premier, "that is the very person I would suggest." "Did I mention a name?" the queen inquired. "Your Majesty observed that 'you had forgot.' I would suggest that the bishopric should be 'for Gott,' late of Leeds." The queen laughed and Dr. Gott *got* the place.

ON ONE occasion Mr. Gladstone became very excited, during a debate, and imputed to a member an intention which the member denied with a shake of the head. "No, no," exclaimed Mr. Gladstone emphatically, "it is no use for the honorable member to shake his head in the teeth of his own words!"

It was during the same Parliament that a member got mixed most amusingly in his metaphors. In eulogizing Mr. Gladstone, who had introduced some measure of reform, the honorable member said: "I see a vision float before my eyes! It is the car of progress, rolling on in majesty, gnashing its teeth as it goes." A little later he declared that "all along the untrodden paths of

## Gladstone

The "Grand Old Man" becomes excited in debate

"Footsteps of an unseen band"

*Mrs. Gladstone  
forgets to mail  
the invitations*

the past we see the footsteps of an unseen hand."

Mrs. Gladstone, in her young days, was exceedingly forgetful. Her distinguished husband, at that time just becoming famous, had persuaded her to give a dance. On the evening she found that the bachelor part of the community was conspicuous by its absence, the only men present being those who had accompanied their wives. Going to her desk for something, during the evening, she found a package of envelopes, and to her dismay discovered that she had forgotten to mail the invitations to the carefully selected eligibles.

*Mrs. Stanley  
Nelson's  
conundrum on  
Gladstone*

Mrs. Stanley Nelson sent the following riddle to Sir M. E. Grant Duff, in India. "A word of eleven letters. The first six Gladstone loves, the rest he hates. The whole said slowly is what he would like to do. The whole said quickly is where he ought to be. Answer: Reform-a-tory."

Goodwin

*He couldn't  
afford to miss it*

WHEN Nat Goodwin brought out "Nathan Hale" in Philadelphia, Mr. Hoyt was there. On his way to the theater to witness the play he met a friend who had just come over from

New York, and he invited him to go with him. "What's the attraction?" asked his friend. "Nat Goodwin in 'Nathan Hale,'" said the playwright. "I'm very sorry," said the friend, "but you'll have to count me out." "What's your reason?" Hoyt asked in surprise. "Well, to be frank with you, I don't like Goodwin in anything. I hate him personally, and can't enjoy him as an actor, and, as far as I am concerned, I wouldn't mind seeing him dead." "Then this is your chance," slyly rejoined the humorous playwright, in his peculiar New England dialect. "You must not miss it. They hang him in the last act."

**S**UPREME COURT Judge Henry Gildersleeve, at an annual dinner of the sheriff's jury, being importuned by a fellow guest to take more wine, retorted, in declining: "You are a judge of wine; but the law I am judge of is not, this evening, very dry."

The judge is very fond of a good story, and he tells with great gusto how, when he was at the bar, in addressing the jury, said, "When I was a boy my highest ambition was to be a pirate."

*Gildersleeve*

*A judge of law  
that was not dry*

*Opposing counsel  
scores*

Goff

*Appearances oft  
deceive*

"You're in luck," remarked the opposing counsel *sotto voce*; "it is not every man who can realize the dreams of his youth."

"**L**OOK at this man," said Recorder Goff when a counselor at the bar; "does he look like one who would commit a crime?" "No," replied the witness, "but neither do you."

*In the morning we carry the world like Atlas; at noon we stoop beneath it; and at night it crushes us to the ground.*

THE LATE John Holmes, whose reputation for wit was not so wide as that of his celebrated elder brother, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was yet known among his intimate friends as a man of ready wit and repartee. John Holmes never married, but lived by himself in a little house in Cambridge, and once a friend rallied him on his lonely life. "You ought to marry, John," he said, "and have a larger house." "Why, yes," replied Holmes, "if I should take a better half, I should have to improve my quarters."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES enjoyed his own wit better than that of any one else. On one occasion he was holding forth at great length on the subject of cannibalism, and, having wound himself up to the proper pitch, he turned suddenly to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and said: "Imagine! What

Holmes, John

*When a bachelor should improve his quarters*

Holmes,

Oliver

Wendell

*Aldrich discomfits the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*

Harte

*She put them on  
the wrong man*

would you do if you were to meet a cannibal?" "I think," answered Aldrich with a smile, "that I should stop to pick an acquaintance with him." The rejoinder cast such a gloom over the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table that during the remainder of the dinner his conversation was limited to monosyllables.

**B**RET HARTE is so frequently complimented in England as the author of *LITTLE BREECHES* that he is almost sorry that Secretary John Hay ever wrote it. A gushing lady, who prided herself on her literary tastes, said to him once: "I am so delighted to meet you, Mr. Harte! I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares to your *LITTLE BREECHES*." "I quite agree with you, madam," answered Mr. Harte, "but you have put the 'little breeches' on the wrong man."

Healy

*Pardonable  
mendacity*

**A**N ENGLISH lady once asked the witty and eloquent Dr. Healy whether it was true that the Irish never ate anything but potatoes. "Certainly, madam," replied the priest, "and when they have disposed of the contents they clothe themselves in the skins."



THE WITTY Dean Hole has left some good stories scattered through his MEMOIRS, which will be told and retold until their identity is lost. He tells us that once a country clergyman was asked to pray for rain. He did so, and the rain did fall, and continued to do so. When it had been raining some time, the local farmers met and discussed the situation. "That's the worst of our parson," said one; "he always overdoes everything." That story reminds him of another. One farmer stated to another, who was a Methodist, that he intended to ask the rector to use the prayer for rain. "Better ask our parson," said the Methodist; "he can pray your rector's head off!"

The dean says he remembers how a young curate was placed in an embarrassing position through his ignorance of sporting events. He was appointed to a church situated in a sporting center, but his church was well attended, and the parishioners very devout. One Sunday the senior churchwarden approached him and asked that the name of "Lucy Gray" be included in the prayers. The curate responded to the

*Hole*

*The parson  
prayed too  
zealously*

*The efficiency of  
prayer: Lucy  
Gray wins the  
steeplechase*

*The very stout  
bishop and the  
frank little girl*

*Houghton*

*Monckton  
Milnes as a  
raconteur*

request, and the prayers of the church went up for Lucy Gray each Sunday for three weeks; then the warden asked that the name should be omitted. "Is she dead?" asked the curate. "Dead, oh, no!" was the reply. "She's won the steeplechase." The curate became the most popular clergyman that had ever held the curacy.

Dean Hole loves a good story even though it is against the "cloth," and he tells with gusto of a very stout and also very sedate bishop who was seated on a bench in a public park and amused himself by talking to a little girl, some seven years old. "I must go now," said the bishop, "and you must help me to rise, but I'm afraid you'll find me very heavy." "Oh, no," she replied quickly, "you're not half so drunk as father often is!"

THE LATE Lord Houghton, better known to the literary world as Monckton Milnes, was a good *raconteur* and a brilliant wit, therefore many good stories are told of, as well as by, him. At a dinner of a literary society, Lord Houghton once said with reference to a statue that had lately been found near

Athens, that when the local dignitary telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of London, "Phidias recovered," the latter replied: "Glad to hear it; but didn't know he had been ill."

At a public dinner an intimate literary friend of Houghton's had been selected to respond to the toast of "Literature," but when the time came for him to speak he was speechless. Houghton, who was sitting near him, was at once asked to respond. He got up, and, looking at his helpless companion, deliberately began: "My friend, who has drunk deep,"—prolonged pause,—“of the Pierian spring——” The happily turned sentence instantly evoked a burst of laughter.

JUSTICE HARLAN of the United States Supreme Court was once playing golf with a very devout clergyman, when the judge, after making a particularly long drive, turned to his clerical opponent and bade him do better if he could. The dominie teed up his ball with care, swung his club two or three times to limber up for a big drive, and then swung at the ball with all his might. The head of the club fanned the air,

*A happily  
turned sentence*

Harlan

*Silence that was  
actually profane*

Hook

Theodore Hook  
as an impromptu  
rhymster

leaving the ball tantalizingly on the tee. Without a word, but with a face full of anguish, the clergyman looked at Harlan for fully a minute, and then swung again. "Well," said the judge, "that was the most profane silence I ever heard."

**T**HEODORE HOOK used to amuse himself in saying something in rhyme to every person who entered the room. In company with a number of celebrated wits, he was put to the test, and one of the first to enter the room was a man named Winter, a tax-collector. Hook immediately made the following impromptu:

"Here comes Mr. Winter, a collector of taxes;  
I advise you to give him whatever he axes;  
I advise you to give it without any flummery,  
For though his name's *Winter*, his actions are *summary*."

He wrote the following in an album, in a more serious vein:

"The World's a *book*, writ by the eternal art  
Of the great *Author*, *printed* in man's heart;  
'Tis falsely *printed* though Divinely *penned*,  
And all the *errata* will appear 't the end."

In more serious  
vein

JUSTICE HAWKINS was about to sentence a prisoner who had been found guilty of forgery, when the prisoner asked permission to say a few words. The judge gave the required permit, and the prisoner said, "It is absurd to say that I am guilty of forgery, my lord, I cannot even sign my own name." Justice Hawkins was equal to the occasion, and replied, "That may be, but you are not charged with signing your own name."

GEORGE HARDINGE, biblioplist, genius, and for many years member of the English Parliament, was noted for his laxity in paying his just debts. He had contracted a large bill with Triphook, the biblioplist, and the bookseller wrote several times to try and collect the money, but his letters were not answered. At last he addressed one to "George Hardinge, Esq., or his Executors," remarking that he had addressed several letters to Mr. Hardinge, to which he had not received an answer; and expressing his fears that he was dead, he concluded with the sentence, "Should the melancholy circumstance be true, I hope the executors will pay the

Hawkins

*Not charged  
with signing his  
own name*

Hardinge

*George  
Hardinge  
announces to his  
creditor the  
melancholy cir-  
cumstance of his  
death*

bill." This letter was received by Hardinge, who wrote the following in reply:

"Dear Mr. Triphook:

What is fear'd by you

(The melancholy circumstance) is true —

True I am dead; and more afflicting still,

My legal ashes will not pay your bill;

For, oh! to name it I am broken-hearted,

This transient life insolvent I departed,

And so for you there's not a single farthing.

For my executors and self, George

Hardinge."

"P. S.— You'll pay the postage which these lines will cost;

The dead their franking privilege have lost."

### Hillier

*An amusing  
incident  
illustrating the  
misuse of the  
letter "h"*

THE ASPIRATE is a difficulty with many Englishmen, especially those who are known as "Cockneys," or natives of London's east end. One of the best illustrations of the misuse of the letter "h" is furnished in the following true incident:

An acquaintance of a Mr. Joseph Hillier met him one morning with the question, "'Ow is your 'ealth today, Mr. 'Illier?" "My name is not 'Illier," said Mr. Hillier. "Well," said the other, "if a *baitch*, and a *bi*, and two *bels*, and a *bi*, and a *be*, and a *bar* don't spell 'Illier, what on hearth do they spell?"

*"It is nearly always untrue to say of a man that he wishes to leave a great property behind him when he dies. Usually he would like to take it along."*

WASHINGTON IRVING chanced to be caught one day in a thunder-storm with a neighbor who refused to join him under a tree, giving as his reason that his father had been killed by lightning. "Ah," said Irving, "it runs in the family then?"

HENRY IRVING, the actor, was always fond of playing practical jokes. Clement Scott tells of one played by Irving and Harry Montague upon a number of their associates. Irving and Montague, hitherto the best of friends, began to quarrel on their way to a picnic, and their friends feared some tragic consequences. After luncheon both of the men disappeared. Business Manager Smale's face turned pale. He felt that his worst fears had been realized. With one wild cry, "They're gone!

Irving,  
Washington  
*An inherited  
malady*

Irving,  
Henry  
*Irving and  
Montague per-  
petrate a ghastly  
joke upon their  
friends*

*A bit of clever  
realism*

What on earth has become of them?" he made a dash down the Dargle, over the rocks and boulders, with the remainder of the picnickers at his heels. At the bottom of a "dreadful hollow behind the little wood," a fearful sight presented itself to the astonished friends. There, on a stone, sat Henry Irving, in his shirt-sleeves, his long hair matted over his eyes, his thin hands and white face all smeared with blood, and dangling an open clasp-knife. He was muttering to himself, in a savage tone: "I've done it, I've done it! I said I would, I said I would!" Tom Smale, in an agony of fear, rushed up to Irving. "For heaven's sake, man," he screamed, "tell us where he is!" Irving, scarcely moving a muscle, pointed to a heap of dead leaves, and, in that sepulchral tone of his, cried: "He's there! I've done for him! I've murdered him!" Smale literally bounded to the heap, almost paralyzed with fear, and began pulling the leaves away. Presently he found Montague lying face downward and nearly convulsed with laughter. Never was better acting seen on any stage.



*A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men.*

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, the Confederate commander, used to tell that once in the hottest part of one of the early battles of the Civil war, he felt his coat-tails pulled. Turning about, he recognized a young man who had been employed in his tobacco factory previous to enlistment. "Why are you not in your place, fighting?" the general demanded angrily. "Why, I just wanted to tell you that, if you don't mind, I will take my day off today!"

JUST after the publication of his dictionary, Dr. Johnson was met by two young ladies whose characters were rather puritanic. They complimented him on having omitted all the gross and objectionable words. "What, my dears!" said the doctor, "have you been looking out for them already?"

In Johnson's day the Quakers allowed women to preach. Some one told the doctor that they had been to hear such a preacher, to which he replied: "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's

Johnson

*He wanted his  
day off*

Johnson, Dr.

*A caustic  
rejoinder*

*His opinion of  
women preachers*

*Of loquacious  
ladies*

*And of wives  
who talk Greek*

*Johnson,  
Bishop  
Ecclesiastical  
punning*

*Johnson,  
Dr. Oliver  
At least be bad  
wit*

walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

It was a characteristic speech of Johnson's, for he never admired a talkative woman. Once when in a fashionable company, a very loquacious lady, of whom he had taken but little notice, said to him, "Why, Doctor, I believe you are not very fond of the company of ladies." "You are mistaken, madam," he replied. "I like your delicacy, I like your vivacity, and I like your silence."

Dr. Johnson used to say that a "man in general is much better pleased when he has a good dinner than when his wife talks Greek."

BISHOP JOHNSON, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Southern California, is esteemed a wit. Once when he was visiting a southern parish, his hostess remarked that he looked better since he had come into the diocese. "Yes," he frankly answered, "the air of the 'see' agrees with me."

DR. OLIVER JOHNSON, the eminent lecturer, publicist and editor, was traveling through the mining district of Pennsylvania when he encountered an

old Irishman turning a windlass which hauled up ore out of the shaft. His hat was off and the perspiration was streaming down his face. "Don't you know you will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" asked Johnson. The Irishman wiped his face with his arm, and answered, "Do you think I'd be doing the like of this all day if I had any brains?"

**H**ERR JOACHIM, the famous violinist, tells a story against himself which is amusing. While in London he was constantly thrown in the company of a certain titled lord who had no knowledge of music. One day the lord told the violinist that he was going to hear him at St. James' Hall. "I am delighted," said the musician; "I hope you will tell me what you think of the concert." A few days later Joachim met the noble lord and asked him if he had attended the concert, and hoped that it had not proved tedious. "Not at all, not at all," replied the lord, "I enjoyed myself immensely. I did not recognize you at first under your disguise as a nigger, but later I laughed all the more." There was silence for a moment, then

## Joachim

*The absurd  
blunder of a cer-  
tain nobleman*

Jerrold

*The nimble wit  
of Douglas  
Jerrold*

*On seeing a tall  
man with a  
short lady*

*He is waylaid  
by a prosy man*

*His mathemati-  
cal toast to the  
ladies*

came the explanation. The nobleman had strolled into the Moore and Burgess Minstrel Hall instead of the large concert room.

DOUGLAS JERROLD met a Scotchman whose name was Leitch, and who explained he was not the popular caricaturist, John Leech. "I'm aware of that," replied Jerrold; "you're the Scotchman with the *itch* in your name."

On seeing a very tall man waltzing with a short lady, Jerrold said to a friend, "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the mile-stone."

A prosy man, who was in the habit of waylaying Jerrold, and asking him all the news, met him one day, and said, "Well, Jerrold, what is going on today?" "I am," answered Jerrold, as he walked on past the inquirer.

Jerrold was once asked to propose a toast to the ladies. He did so in this mathematical manner: "The fair daughters of England,—may they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination."

*"Enjoy the blessing of this day, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow."*

**R**UDYARD KIPLING's maternal grandfather was the Rev. George E. Macdonald. It is related of him that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterwards married, the father-in-law-to-be, an aged Methodist, on one occasion entered the parlor, and found the sweethearts, who were taken by surprise, occupying a single chair. The old man said solemnly, "Mr. Macdonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown she sat on one side of the room and I on the other." "That's what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Brown," was Macdonald's reply.

**T**HE REV. FATHER KELLY, missionary priest, was stationed in a thriving city out West, at one time. The church had got into debt to a local

Kipling

*He was  
not courting his  
mother-in-law*

Kelly

*Father Kelly  
passes the plate*

coal-dealer and the priest undertook to raise the amount at the next Sunday's mass. In order to make the collection a success he passed the plate himself. The next day he met a member of the congregation who had failed to contribute. "I saw that you did not give anything yesterday," he said to the parishioner. "No, father, I'm on to you." "I do not understand." "Sure, an' you said the collection was for coal when you knew the church was heated by stheam."

*Keogh*

*His lordship  
retires for the  
night*

THE WELL-KNOWN Irish judge was very absent-minded. One day he invited several lawyers to dine with him, and, as the hour approached, went upstairs to dress for dinner. The guests arrived, but his lordship was not there to receive them. After they had waited an hour, a servant was sent in search of the missing judge, who was found in bed, sleeping soundly. On reaching his dressing-room, he had quite forgotten for what he had withdrawn, and innocently retired for the night.

*Pardonable  
neglect*

On one occasion he forgot himself while trying a man for murder. The jury had found a verdict of "guilty,"

and all waited anxiously for the judge to put the black cap on his head and sentence the prisoner to death, instead of which, he ordered, "Remove the prisoner." "But, my lord, you have not sentenced him." The judge put on the dreaded black cap, and looking at the condemned man commenced by saying: "I really beg his pardon. Prisoner at the bar, I must really beg your pardon for neglecting to sentence you."

MRS. KENDAL, in her long and successful career on the stage, has met with many experiences which are well worth recalling. On the stage she is such a true artist that nothing can ever cause her to forget her part or assert her own individuality. One time she was playing in the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" when a magnificent and costly diamond pin got loose and fell to the floor. To have stooped and picked it up would have spoiled her scene. She went on as though nothing had happened, though she knew that the pin was being trodden underfoot and would be completely ruined. When the curtain fell, she calmly said to Mr. Kendal: "I have dropped my pin on the stage." Search

## Kendal

*Mrs. Kendal's remarkable self-control when on the stage*

*An amusing  
incident in the  
Theatre Royal*

was made for it, but though part of the gold setting was found crushed out of all resemblance to the pin, the stone was lost, most likely being forced into some crevice in the boards. Many women would have thought more of the jewel than of the momentary interruption of the scene.

"I must tell an amusing incident that occurred in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, while I was playing Galatea," says Mrs. Kendal. "You remember that Pygmalion has a jealous wife named Cynisca. At the moment when I was about to throw myself into the arms of Pygmalion, an old Irish lady shouted out: 'Don't darlint! His wife has just gone out!' It destroyed the scene. Everybody, including myself, had to burst into laughter."

*Tied with a  
double knot—  
the Kendals go  
through the  
marriage cere-  
mony twice in  
one day*

The Kendals were married on August 7, 1869, at St. Saviour's Church, Manchester. The couple were playing in that city and as the Haymarket Company had a very large repertoire, they decided to fix their wedding for a day on which they would not be required to act. This seemed to be their only chance and so an early wedding was



arranged. By nine o'clock Madge Robertson had changed her name to Madge Kendal, and the happy couple were just on their way to the railway station intending to have a honeymoon of at least thirty hours' duration, when the unwelcome news reached them that Mr. Compton who was to be the star of the evening had been taken ill and that they must play *Rosalind and Orlando* in "As You Like It." In duty bound they had to obey, but secretly hoping that the news of their marriage had not reached the public. When it came to the lines, "Will you, Orlando, have to wife this *Rosalind*?" and Orlando answered, "I will," a mighty uproar of applause and cheering told them that their secret was out. A strong Lancashire voice was heard above the cheering: "That's second time today, my lad!" a speech which caused the cheering to break forth anew.

WHEN Charles Kean was playing *Richard III*, his fearful grimaces in character paralyzed all the other actors with fright, much to his amusement. On one occasion a new man had to take the part of the sentinel who

Kean

*Charles Kean as  
Richard III*

awoke Richard. When asked, "Who is there?" he had to say: "'Tis I, my lord; the village cock hath twice proclaimed the hour of morn." But, as Kean was making such frightful grimaces, and scowling at him, the poor fellow lost his head, and could only stammer: "'Tis I, my lord—'tis I, my lord; the village—cock—'Tis I—my lord; the village—cock——" By this time there was a titter all over the theater, and Kean exclaimed, "Then why the mischief don't you crow?"

*Kilbride*

*The Irish member delivers a famous speech on the Food and Drugs Bill*

MR. DENNIS KILBRIDE, an Irish member of Parliament, is one of the members who always attracts and keeps the attention of the Commons. His North Galway brogue is rich and thick, his anecdotes are racy of the soil, and his manner one which acts as a pleasant stimulant to the overfed and jaded members. In a discussion on the Food and Drugs Bill, which was intended to prohibit adulteration of articles of food and medicine, the honorable member arose and addressed the House as "Gentlemen!" The speaker called him to order, and he sat down with considerable force on Captain Donelan's hat. Then

when he found that he should address the speaker, he re-commenced his speech, in the course of which he said: "I object, Mister Spaker, against the tin per cent uv butter fat. I object entoirely. Margarine, Mister Spaker, is used by nine-tinths uv the populace fur cookin' porpoises." A burst of laughter almost drowned the speaker's voice. "Yis, sorr, that's what it is used fur—cookin' porpoises." Another laugh came from all parts of the House. "Well, sorr, I don't know whaat honorable gintlemen are a laughin' at; but if they, Mister Spaker, don't know how much margarine is used fur cookin' porpoises——" The laughter was now so general that the member had to sit down, highly disgusted at the manner in which an Irishman was treated when he rose to address the assembly on such an important subject.

*He insists that  
margarine  
is widely used  
for cooking  
porpoises*

*"One may write with more wit upon any subject than upon wit itself."*

Ludlow

*The General  
lights his cigar  
with a fifty-  
dollar bill*

A STORY is told of General William Ludlow, late Military Governor of Havana. When he was stationed at Detroit some years ago in charge of river and harbor work, he was visited by a contractor who wanted to do some work for the government. When the man entered he laid his visiting-card on the table and with it a crisp fifty-dollar bill. Ludlow made no sign of having seen it, but saying that they had better smoke while they were talking, he drew forth two cigars and gave the contractor one of them; then turning to the table and not seeing a match, he took the fifty-dollar bill, twisted it into a lighter, lighted it at the open fire, and slowly lit his cigar with it. Then he handed the burning stump of the bill to the contractor.

Lincoln

*The President  
presents the  
philanthropist  
with a bottle of  
hair tonic*

THE STORIES told about President Lincoln would fill a large book, but here is one not generally included in a collection of his stories. He was

constantly bored by a philanthropist who wanted to reform mankind on new lines and in an impossible way. The genial president listened to him courteously and suggested that he should call some day when more time could be devoted to the subject. The man did call, not once but many times, but each time the president was very busy. One day after listening to the man for some time, he rose, went to a small cabinet, took from it a bottle, and asked innocently, "Did you ever try any of this on your head?" The philanthropist, whose hair was getting very thin, answered, "No, I never did." "Well then, try it. I advise you to try it. If at first it does not answer, try it again. They say there is nothing like it for making the hair grow," the president remarked; then fearing the man was not going to take the hint, added, "Take this bottle home, right now, and try it, then come back to me in six months and let me know how it has succeeded," and then the president left the room hurriedly.

**J**AMES RUSSELL LOWELL was a good student of dialect. One day while traveling in the north of England, he

*Lowell*

*Lowell dines  
with a tramp*

entered a cheap restaurant, in order to hear a little "Durham dialect." He seated himself opposite a barefooted tramp and told him he could have something to eat at his expense. The tramp grinned but did not speak. Lowell called the waiter, and ordered, "A steak and fried potatoes, please." The tramp rested his elbows on the table, and said, "Bring me yan tee." "Bring me a cup of coffee and a roll," Lowell continued. "Bring me yan tee," echoed the tramp. Then the American determined he would get something more from his *vis-a-vis*, so he said, "Bring me a boot-jack." "Bring me yan tee," the tramp said. "Why what on earth do you want with a bootjack, you barefooted tramp?" asked Lowell. "Gan o way, ye fule," returned the tramp. "D'ye think I canna' eat a bootjack as well as ye?"

Landor

*He remembers  
the key but  
forgets the valise*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was one of the most absent-minded of men. One thing he was very apt to do was to arrive at a friend's house without the key of his valise. One day, however, he was resolved he would conquer his failing, so he placed the key in his pocket before starting to make a two days' visit,

and on the journey he took out the key a dozen times to make sure that it was safe. He reached his destination, and exclaimed proudly, "See, I have the key this time!" But, alas, he had got the key, but not the valise; he had left that behind in his library.

When he wrote his first well-known book, COUNT JULIAN, he took a quantity of blank paper to his publisher instead of the manuscript, and it was with difficulty that he could be made to see his mistake. In the same way he wrote on the first page of his manuscript of THE HELLENICS, "The Walter Savage Landor, by the Hellenics." At a public dinner he rose to respond to the toast, "Our Absent Friend," and made a speech which was intended as a response to the toast of "Literature."

OF LORD LYTTON it is related that one day when, lost in thought, he entered the carriage with Lady Lytton, he was asked by her, "Do you know what you did when you came out?" "I have not the slightest idea," replied the ambassador. "You kissed all the maid servants!" Lady Lytton said. The astonishing information made no impression

*Some amusing  
eccentricities*

Lytton

*The Ambassador  
kisses the maid  
servants*

Leiter

*Lady Curzon  
delivers a keen  
thrust to an ill-  
bred member of  
the British  
aristocracy*

upon the absent-minded diplomat for some time, but at last he answered, "Let us hope there were some pretty ones among them!"

LADY CURZON, wife of the ex-Viceroy of India, was possessed of a ready wit. As Miss Leiter she was noted for her haughty and reserved manner. Before her marriage she met at a dinner a rather ill-bred member of the British aristocracy. It chanced that several titled dames of American birth were present, and Miss Leiter's neighbor remarked rather superciliously:

"I suppose you are not used to titles? There is no aristocracy in the United States, is there?"

"No," came the prompt reply. Then looking round the table, she continued, significantly, "It takes all the money of our millionaires to support your aristocracy!"

Lang

*On one hand  
a budding  
funny man, on  
the other a  
Socialist*

JUST after Andrew Lang had begun to play golf he was a guest at a dinner. The meal was faultless, but Mr. Lang's enjoyment was spoiled by having, as he put it, "a budding funny man on the one hand and a diabolically deaf Socialist on the other." "I could not," added



the famous author and critic, "tell which of the two was the more mournful companion." Two weeks later it came out that the Socialist was not deaf; that he had come to the dinner prepared to be bored by less learned guests; that he had been seated by the side of "an idiotic middle-aged gentleman who did nothing but talk of golf," and that to protect himself he had feigned deafness which kept his neighbor shouting!

**T**HE MAD poet, Nathaniel Lee, used to say that "it is very difficult to write like a madman, but very easy to write like a fool."

**F**RED LESLIE, the popular comedian, is particularly brilliant at repartee. On his voyage out to Australia he was terribly bored by a fellow-passenger, an Australian. He had in the most irritating manner extolled everything connected with his native land and had finished up with a rhapsody on the fine physique of the men. Rather discourteously, but with ready wit, the actor replied, "Well, you ought to be a fine race, for many of your fathers were sent out by the best judges in the old country." This reference to the fact that

Lee,  
Nathaniel

*Easy enough to  
write like a fool*

Leslie

*Fred Leslie  
scores one on an  
Australian bore*

*Lever*  
*Native wit of*  
*the old sod*

*Quits his post*  
*without leave*  
*and meets his*  
*chief at dinner*

Australia had been a penal colony effectually silenced the Australian.

CHARLES LEVER used to tell a story which never got into any of his novels. During a visit to Mayo, he stayed for a time at the Sound Hotel, Achill. As the domestic brought in the teapot one morning, her hand shook violently, and Lever, noticing the infirmity, said, "I'm sorry to see, Biddy, that you have a weakness in your hand." "Faix, yer honor," she replied, "you'll soon find that it isn't in my hand the wakeness is, but inside, in the taypot!" Sure enough, the decoction in the teapot was not remarkable for its strength. "Yes, Biddy," Lever said, subsequently, "the tea was decidedly pale. How was that?" "Oh, thin, I don't know, yer honor," replied Biddy, "except it saw a ghost!"

Lever was at one time British Consul at Trieste. He once forgot to ask for leave of absence, when he wanted to return to London with his daughter. The very first evening he met his chief, Lord Clarendon, at dinner. "Ah, Mr. Lever," said Clarendon, "I didn't know you were in England! In fact, I was not

even aware that you had asked for leave from Trieste." "No—o, my lord," stammered the novelist, "I thought it would be more respectful to your lordship for me to apply for it in person!"

JENNIE LEE, the actress who made such a success of "Jo," was playing in Scotland. She was in the midst of the long and harrowing death scene of poor Jo. The stage was darkened, and the lime-light illumined the pale features of the death-stricken boy. People were sobbing all over the house. Suddenly, to her consternation, Miss Lee heard the lime-light man addressing her in a brawny Scotch whisper, audible to half the house: "Dee quick, Miss Lee, dee quick," he roared softly; "the lime-light's gaen oot!" She did "dee quick," but it was for the purpose of making a speech to that lime-light man which he said he would never forget.

THE LATE Sir Frank Lockwood, one of the best-known and best-liked of modern English barristers, had the character of only defending cases where he could honestly assume the prisoner's innocence. On one occasion, after successfully defending a prisoner who had

*Lee, Jennie*

*Jennie Lee is urged to "dee quick"*

*Lockwood*

*Sir Frank Lockwood wins on a carefully selected alibi*

*Labouchere*

*Henry  
Labouchere, a  
man of infinite  
jest, plays a keen  
joke on some over-  
solicitous friends*

pleaded an alibi, he was met by the judge, who said, "Well, Lockwood, that was a very good alibi." "Yes, my lord," was the answer, "I had three suggested to me, and I think I selected the best."

**H**ENRY LABOUCHERE, M. P., and editor of the London *Truth*, has played many parts in his time. He is the nephew of a peer and the brother-in-law of a prelate, yet he has been the consistent advocate of the abolition of the House of Lords and the disestablishment of the State Church. He is a man of infinite jest and a great traveler. There is a good story told of him when he visited Buffalo many years ago. He was even then popular, being connected with the British embassy. The people staying at the hotel complained that Mr. Labouchere never dined in the public dining-room. The landlord advised a deputation to his English visitor, and the suggestion was adopted.

"Well, gentlemen," said Labouchere, twirling his cigarette, then a novelty in the pleasures of smoking, "it is like this,—I always like to dine in my shirt-sleeves."

"Oh," replied one of the deputation, "if that's your only objection, never mind it a bit. We shall be only too glad to have you anyhow."

Mr. Labouchere, having thoughtfully ruminated for a moment, said:

"Well, gentlemen, I will join you tonight. But you must not mind my eccentricities, you must take me as I am."

"We will, we will!" they responded.

On leaving the room they agreed to meet their guest as he would meet them. They thought it would place him at his ease. The hour for the special dinner arrived, and Mr. Labouchere was five minutes late. When he entered he was faultlessly dressed in a swallow-tail suit, and, as he expected, his hosts were either in their shirt-sleeves or else in lounging-jackets. The tableau can well be imagined.

When he was an attaché of the embassy at Berne, Switzerland, he received an order to report at St. Petersburg. He quitted Berne and walked into the embassy in about six weeks' time.

"I have been expecting you for six weeks," said the secretary. "Where have you been, sir?"

*He walks from  
Berne to  
St. Petersburg*

*Mistaken for  
O' Meagher, the  
Irish patriot,  
and treated to a  
fine dinner*

"I have been coming all the time," was the meek reply. "My letter said nothing how I was to reach St. Petersburg, and there was no order for a railroad ticket, so I thought the foreign office expected me to walk, and I have walked."

While attached to the embassy at Washington, Mr. Labouchere, then a young cadet, found himself hungry and penniless in New York, and waiting for a remittance. He was not known at the consulate, and had no money to communicate with Washington. Looking into the window of a restaurant, he selected a dinner without knowing how he was to settle the bill. The proprietor, an Irishman, hustled the waiters to supply the guest's wants. But the proprietor absolutely refused to take the modest order of the young cadet, and pushed before him a regular course dinner with a bottle of the choicest wine.

"I expostulated with him," said Mr. Labouchere, "but he only laughed. I thought him a fool, and I knew that he could not make me pay the bill, even if I had the money, so I ate and drank and felt much better. A fine cigar

followed, and I felt better still. I asked for the bill. The landlord looked at me in amazement:

“‘Bill!’ he exclaimed, ‘sure, I couldn’t give a bill to the great O’Meagher, the Oirish patriot. Whin I saw you honoring my poor window wid your glorious face, I felt that the greatest honor that ever could come to me would be for the great O’Meagher to enter my house.’ I shook him by the hand and walked out without a word.”

**T**HERE is a good story told of Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce. As a young man, he was extremely popular with the smart set at Newport. On the same ship with him was a very stern disciplinarian who was always on the lookout for some dereliction of duty. One evening Luce, after a round of pleasures, met this martinet, who remarked sharply, “Mr. Luce, you’re tight.” “Pardon me,” was the quick retort, “if Stephen B. Luce, how can he be tight, sir?”

*Luce*

*How could  
Stephen B. tight*

*"Better eat onions all thy life than dine upon geese and chickens once and then long in vain for more ever after."*

Moody

*Gladstone and  
Moody exchange  
compliments*

AT THE first meeting between Mr. Gladstone and the great evangelist, Mr. Moody, the former was struck with admiration of the American's magnificent physique. "I wish I had your shoulders!" said the statesman. To this, without a pause, Mr. Moody replied, "I wish I had your head!"

Mason

*The Scotch  
Presbyterian  
minister is a man  
of wit and a  
keen judge of  
horse-flesh*

THE REV. DR. MASON, many years pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York, was not only very eloquent, but witty. He was very fond of animals and disliked to see old or crippled horses being worked. One day a brother minister, who was thinking of buying a horse, stopped him and asked what he thought of the animal he was then driving. Dr. Mason examined the horse long and carefully, expressing, by inarticulate sounds, his approval or disapproval of the different points. At last he pointed to the



animal's knees, and said, "Those bent knees would be a good sign for the minister but they are a decidedly bad one for the minister's horse!"

THE LATE Cardinal Manning's keen wit was often used to impress a moral warning. "What are you going to do in life?" he once asked a very frivolous undergraduate at Oxford. "Oh, I'm going to take holy orders!" was the flippant reply. "Take care that you get them, my son!" admonished the cardinal.

LORD MACAULAY was once at a political meeting, at the time when rival candidates addressed the voters from the same platform, or hustings. During the proceedings Macaulay was violently struck by a dead cat. The man who threw it immediately apologized, saying he had meant it for his opponent. "Well, my friend," said Macaulay, "I wish you had meant it for me and struck him!"

Macaulay was exceedingly quick at rhyming, and one day after dinner challenged any one to give him two words, to which he was to find others to rhyme within three minutes. A lady

## Manning

*The Cardinal  
admonishes a  
frivolous  
undergraduate*

## Macaulay

*Misdirected  
zeal*

*Macaulay was  
equal to the task*

gave him "Timbuſtoo" and "missionary," both very difficult words for rhyming, but the poet and historian was equal to the task, for within the prescribed time he had written:

"I would I were a cassowary  
Upon the plains of Timbuſtoo;  
I vow I'd eat a missionary,  
Skin and bones, and hymn-book too."

*Marriott*

*No occasion for  
an apology*

THE REV. CHARLES MARRIOTT was the great saint of the Tractarian movement at Oxford. A brother-fellow of Oriel College had behaved rather outrageously at dinner one night, and, coming out of chapel the next morning, essayed to apologize to Marriott. "I'm afraid I made rather a fool of myself last night," he said in a low voice. "My dear fellow, I assure you I observed nothing unusual!" was Marriott's answer.

*Mario*

*A pretty operatic  
anecdote*

GRISI's alliance with Mario, Marquis of Candia, is the basis of a pretty operatic anecdote. Meeting the prima donna with her children one day in St. Petersburg, the Czar Nicholas gallantly asked if they were "little Grisettes." "No, your Majesty," replied Grisi with a bow, "they are little Marionettes."

MARTIN, who painted "Belshazzar's Feast" and other notable paintings, always lamented that he was a painter. He called, even his best works, "pot-boilers," and wondered why the people went in raptures over his paintings while they laughed at his poetry. He published a little volume of "poems," which he thought the grandest ever penned. This is a specimen:

"The Creation of the world,  
Likewise Adam and Eve, we know  
Made by the great God, from  
Whom all blessings flow."

When Martin exhibited his painting of "The Deluge" at the Royal Academy, 1826, George Canning, the statesman, took a friend to see it. The ark was represented in the middle distance; in the foresea an elephant was seen struggling with his fate. "I wonder," said the friend, "that the elephant did not secure an inside place in the ark." "He was too late," replied Canning; "he was busy packing up his trunk."

TWO NON-COMMISSIONED officers of the Royal Engineers were strolling through the Royal Academy, when they came to a picture by "John Everett

## Martin

*The famous  
painter laments  
that he is not  
a poet*

*George Canning  
takes a friend to  
the Royal  
Academy*

## Millais

*Millais of the  
Royal Artillery*

Millais, R. A." "Millais, R. A., said one of the sappers. "Sapper" is, as every one knows, the *petit nom* of the engineers, as "gunner" is of the artillery. "Do you know him? Who is he?" "Haven't any idea; but it's just like the impudence of those gunners! They even think they can paint pictures!" They had mistaken the letters "R. A." for "Royal Artillery."

Mansfield,

Lord

*On the  
uncertainty of  
the law*

*The little  
barrister is  
enraged*

Macready

*A device that  
fails*

ONE OF England's greatest judges, Lord William Murray Mansfield, once said that the law was so uncertain that if any one claimed one of his fields he would give it to him rather than face a lawsuit.

"Frog" Morgan, a barrister of very diminutive size, had commenced an argument before Lord Mansfield, when the judge, not aware of his small stature, called upon him repeatedly to get up. "My lord, I am up," screamed out the little man, "and I have been up these ten minutes!"

LADY MARTIN, better known as Helen Faucit, tells of an amusing incident occurring one evening when Macready was playing Macbeth to her Lady Macbeth. The actor who played the part

of the murderer persisted in coming too near Macbeth, so Macready had a brass nail knocked into the stage, beyond which the other was not to come. That night the murderer came on, and, while scanning the stage, was mute. "What's the matter with you?" hissed Macready. "Why don't you speak, man?" "I'm looking for your infernal nail!" was the answer.

A VOLUME could be filled with the unconscious humor of the celebrated actor, Richard Mansfield. He has no intention to be "funny," in fact would treat such a suggestion as an insult, and yet perhaps no man before the public has occasioned more laughter at his own expense than this native of Heligoland. When Mansfield placed Don Juan in rehearsal, he selected a company which for histrionic ability stood unrivaled. He treated the members so cavalierly that several resigned. One day he was reading certain lines to the company, when an actor, suffering from a cold, had the temerity to cough. Don Juan's ire was roused. "Sir," said he, "no gentleman would cough while I am reading. Where were you brought up?"

Mansfield,  
Richard

*The unconscious  
humor of  
Richard  
Mansfield*

McKinley

*The  
late President's  
clever retort  
convulses the  
court*

THE LATE President William McKinley was very quick and ready with an answer to an opponent, whether in the courts or on the platform. Once when he was practicing in the court at Canton, he was pleading for mitigation of sentence on a prisoner in most eloquent language, when the judge stopped him, saying, "You cannot tell me that two blacks make a white, Mr. McKinley." "They may sometimes, your Honor." "How is that? Please explain, sir." "A pair of black Spanish fowls may be the parents of a white egg." The reply convulsed the court.

McAdam

*An apt and  
timely epigram*

JUDGE McADAM interrupted a very prolix counsel with, "Time for luncheon, counselor," and then looking at the jury, added, "I am not the Adam of the catechism, by whom all men die, but an Adam by whom some may dine."

*The learned  
Judge becomes  
impatient*

On one occasion he was trying a divorce case, when the lawyer, who appeared for the wife who was the plaintiff, continually repeated, "And yet, your Honor, God hath joined them." The learned judge grew impatient and at last interrupted him by asking, "Was this couple joined in church?" On being

answered in the affirmative, he said, "And yet you ask me to contradict the solemn words of the marriage service and put them asunder."

THE ENGLISH Court of Chancery is not, as a rule, a very amusing resort, but the late Vice-Chancellor Malins was always able to command a fairly "good house" whenever he had opportunity. At one time when Vice-Chancellor Bacon was one of his colleagues, Malins had before him a case in which one of the parties was of that order particularly obnoxious to the legal mind, namely, a cranky litigant. In delivering judgment, the Vice-Chancellor felt himself constrained to take a view adverse to the claims set up by this individual, who determined to avenge himself for what he chose to call a miscarriage of justice. The morning after the judgment, he presented himself in court, and taking aim from amid the bystanders hurled a rather ancient egg at the head of the judge. Vice-Chancellor Malins, by adroitly ducking, managed to avoid the missile, which malodorously discharged itself at a safe distance from its target. "I

## Malins

*The  
Vice-Chancellor  
qualifies as a  
judicial wit*

I O O

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

*And adroitly  
avoids the egg  
"intended for  
Brother Bacon"*

think," observed Sir Richard Malins, almost grateful in spite of the *lese majeste* for so apt an opportunity of qualifying as a judicial wit, "I think that egg must have been intended for my brother Bacon."



# IN LIGHTER VEIN

I O I

*There is as much difference  
between vivacity and wit, as  
there is between lightning and  
a lightning-bug.*

**T**HOMAS NOTT, a member of the far-famed Eccentric Club of London, whose members were required to be guilty of some glaring eccentricity, married a beautiful girl bearing the name of Burnitt. At the first meeting of the club he attended after his marriage, he was condemned to write a verse of rhyme introducing his own and bride's name. With but little hesitation he wrote as follows:

"Burn it," cried Nott, "it makes me smile,  
As well as feverish and hot.  
My wife, she loves me all the while,  
Yet still declares she loveth—Nott!"

**E**DGAR W. NYE, better known as Bill Nye, was once chatting with Senator Shirley of Maine, and remarked that he, Nye, had been born at Shirley, in the senator's State, adding that the town had doubtless been named for one of the senator's ancestors. "I didn't

## Nott

*Thomas Nott  
enters the  
Eccentric Club  
of London*

## Nye

*Bill Nye has a  
little fun with  
Senator Shirley  
of Maine*

*And Riley plays  
a keen joke on  
his lecturing  
partner*

know," said Shirley, "that there was such a town in Maine as Shirley." "I didn't know it, either," Nye replied, "until I was born there!"

James Whitcomb Riley tells an amusing story of his former lecturing partner. It was the opening of their joint season. The summer had been spent among the hills or by the seashore and both were well tanned. Riley suggested that the color did not look well for Nye, with his bald head, and suggested the application of some "liquid white," a cosmetic much used by the fair sex in the profession. Nye, never having used any before, filled the palm of his hand with the liquid and smeared it all over his face. There being no mirror in the primitive dressing-room at the hall, he had no chance to see that the white had dried like whitewash, and when Nye appeared before the audience he was a sight to behold. His bald head was red, his face like the frosted top of a cake. The audience shrieked with laughter. Never had Nye made such a hit. He could scarcely open his mouth, for the laughter shook the very building. When he had completed his first

number the audience demanded his re-appearance. Again and again he had to appear, until he began to think it was not fair to Riley. Again he was called for, and he was about to make one more appearance on the stage when Mrs. Nye, who had been in front, caught hold of him in the wings and demanded in a very matronly voice what he had got on his face. "Nothing but my usual expression," he replied with a smile. "Expression! Fiddlesticks! You are a fright, Edgar." She produced, from her reticule, a small mirror and bade her witty husband look at himself. He did so, and knew then that he had been a victim of Riley's joking. When he appeared later, with his face washed, and his "usual expression" removed, he was received very coldly by the audience, who thought they were being cheated out of their fun.

**T**HE NOTORIOUS "hanging" judge, Lord Norbury, was famous for his brilliant repartees, but he once was a victim of a really witty one. He was riding with Parsons, one of the commissioners of the Irish Insolvency Court, when, passing a gibbet, Norbury said,

*Mrs. Nye to the  
rescue*

*Norbury*

*Parsons  
buckled last*

*Norfolk*  
*Lord Thurlow*  
*lays an egg*

with a chuckle, "Parsons, where would you be now if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone, Norbury!" Parsons answered quickly and unexpectedly.

THE LATE Duke of Norfolk, father of the present duke, was once strangely embarrassed at the breakfast-table. A large house party had gathered together at Arundel Castle and the duke was entertaining, as he could so well do. The butler entered the breakfast-room rather hurriedly and evidently very excited. "Your Grace—may it please your Grace," he said, trying to attract the attention of his ducal master. "What is it?" "May it please your Grace, Lord Thurlow has laid an egg." "You don't say so." "Yes, your Grace." An explanation was due his guests, and the duke told how, some time before, the daughter of Lord Thurlow, in looking at the valuable collection of owls which the duke possessed, stopped before one of the cages, and, looking at the blinking bird, said, "Why, he's just like papa." The bird was ever after called "Lord Thurlow."

*"Thy friend has a friend,  
and thy friend's friend has  
a friend; be discreet."*

**J**OHN OPIE, one of the greatest painters of the century, was asked by an admiring lady, "With what do you mix your paints, Mr. Opie?" "Brains, madam," was his epigrammatic reply.

He had a cousin of the same name who was a preacher, and a prosy one at best. One Sunday he went to hear him preach, but during the sermon fell asleep. The preacher noticed it and mentioned the fact at the dinner-table. "It is true," said the painter, "but how could I help it under the influence of such an Opieate?"

**D**ANIEL O'CONNELL, the Irish liberator, was a man of infinite jest. He was ever ready with a witty reply, no matter what might be the subject under discussion; but he also possessed a power of vituperative speech which has never been equaled. England will never forget that speech against Benjamin Disraeli, which, after lauding the Jews, declared that "there were some

## Opie

*A hint to the  
profession*

*An Opieate  
sermon*

## O'Connell

*The Irish  
liberator's  
famous speech  
against Disraeli*

*And his  
extraordinary  
apology*

*O'Gorman  
Irish wit and  
repartee in  
Parliament*

miscreants amongst them, however, also, and it must certainly have been from one of these that Disraeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross."

On one occasion O'Connell, in the heat of debate, said that Disraeli was not fit to wheel dung from a dunghill. He was called to order by the speaker and ordered to make an apology. With calm exterior, unruffled brow, he stuck his hand in his breast, and said: "I certainly owe the honorable member an apology. I said he was *not* fit to wheel dung from a dunghill. I apologize, he *is* fit." The house was convulsed with laughter and the apology was allowed to stand.

NEVER did a more thorough Irishman, racy of the soil, represent a portion of that "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," than Major Pursell O'Gorman.

# IN LIGHTER VEIN

I O 7

He was witty, eloquent, quick at repartee, never losing his equanimity, ready to fight a duel or drink a convivial glass with any one at any time. During one of the debates in Parliament on some Irish subject, an irate English member jumped to his feet and in a loud and angry voice asked, "Why are Irishmen always laying bare their grievances? Quick as a flash O'Gorman shouted across the floor of the House, "Because they want them redressed," a reply which brought down the House.

On one occasion O'Gorman was first in the committee-room, which was extraordinary, for he was notorious for being late. When the other members came in he said with the gravest face: "I am first at last. I have always been behind before!" And he wondered why they smiled.

His autograph was like himself, very erratic and never twice alike. When asked why he did not adhere to one style of signature, he answered that it was to prevent his signature being forged. He had an account at a local bank in Ireland and never signed a check twice the same way, but he would indorse the

*The Major is  
first at last*

*His very erratic  
autograph*

*He rebukes an  
M. P. who has  
insulted the  
Irish*

check, "Signature guaranteed," and then would write his name exactly like his signature kept at the bank.

One time a member of Parliament uttered some very insulting remarks about the Irish members, bowing to the chair as he spoke. O'Gorman was on his feet in an instant and, addressing the speaker, said: "The honorable gentleman reminds me of a countryman of mine who was tossed over a fence by a bull. He turned and saw the bull bowing, just like the honorable member, Mr. Speaker, and Pat, smiling as I do now, said, 'If it was not for your bowing and scraping, you brute, faix, I should think you insulted me on purpose!'" Though the speech was insinuatingly personal, O'Gorman was not called to order, perhaps because not one of the members, nor the speaker himself, could refrain from laughing long enough to do so.



*"The world's most royal heritage is his who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives."*

THERE was once a passage at arms between Pope, the Bard of Twickenham, and Dean Swift. One day the poet asked the dean what the people of Ireland thought of him. "They think," said the dean, "that you are a great poet, and a very little man." Pope exclaimed passionately, "And, Mr. Dean, the people of England think quite the reverse of you."

One day Sir Walter Blunt's father was in Pope's company and talking of punning. Pope said that punning was a species of wit so easy that he would agree to make one on any proposed subject off-hand, when a lady in the company said, "Well, Mr. Pope, make one on keel-hauling." He instantly replied, "That, madam, is indeed putting a man under a hardship."

LORD PALMERSTON, the sporting prime minister of a generation since, in England, was always fond of a joke. On one occasion a deputation

Pope

*Honors about even*

*Pope makes a keen pun on a bard subject*

Palmerston

*The sporting Prime Minister has fun with the deputation*

*The puritanic  
member  
had never won  
the Derby*

waited on him to urge the building, or renting, of a proper gallery for the pictures which had just been bequeathed to the nation by Chantrey. The principal speaker said that at present the pictures were hidden away in a cellar. "Ah," said Palmerston, "I will do what I can! But you must recollect the old saying, '*Ars est celare artem.*'" The deputation left him, it is stated, in high good humor.

In the House of Commons, when beset by almost insurmountable opposition, his wit would often carry him through. A very puritanic member had been exceedingly bitter in his opposition and had finished by observing that he could not imagine himself capable of enjoying greater happiness than by the knowledge that Palmerston had been driven from office. In replying, the prime minister faced the Puritan and said that it was evident the honorable member had never realized the great happiness of winning the Derby, or he would not have so spoken of felicity. The happy remark brought down the House, and Palmerston won his point.

# IN LIGHTER VEIN

I I I

**A**LTHOUGH Parsons, one of the first Irish commissioners of insolvency, does not hold a conspicuous place in the band of brilliant, witty and humorous lawyers and politicians who lived in Dublin at the close of the eighteenth century, he was the originator of some bright things. During the rebellion of '98 a country gentleman who was suspected of being a rebel met Parsons in Dublin. "I hear it is rumored that I sympathize with disloyalty, but it is quite untrue," the squire protested; "it is well known that I have a stake in the country." "Faith, if you have," exclaimed Parsons, "I'd swear there's a pike at the end of it!"

**D**EAN PIGOU has told some good stories in his MEMOIRS, many of which are unmistakably new. He narrates how a laborer, discovered whitewashing the cottage he had moved into, explained to the rector that "the last two couples in this 'ere cottage 'ad twins; so I says to my missus I'll tak' an' whitewash the place, so as there mayn't be no infection."

The dean happened to say, at a dinner party, when some one had spoken

## Parsons

*The Squire  
protests charges  
of disloyalty*

## Pigou

*He was taking  
no chances*

*The shock was  
fatal*

*Paderewski*

*The great pianist  
sends a lock of  
hair to a well-  
known society  
woman*

of a lady of title recently deceased, that she attended his ministry at San Remo. "Ah," exclaimed a guest, "poor lady, she was known to be a person of weak intellect!"

A WELL-AUTHENTICATED anecdote is told of the great pianist. A well-known society woman wrote to him for "a lock of hair." She received this reply: "Dear Madam—M. Paderewski directs me to say that it affords him much pleasure to comply with your request. You fail to specify whose hair you desire, so he sends samples of that of his valet, cook, waiter, and also from a matress belonging to Mr. Pullman, proprietor of the coach in which he traveled in America."

*Paine*

*Henry W.  
Paine delivers a  
brilliant and  
successful rebuke  
to an incom-  
petent jury*

NOT LONG before his death Henry W. Paine, one of the most brilliant lawyers of his generation, became interested, as a matter of charity, in a case in which a lad of some fifteen years was charged with arson. Paine defended the boy, and offered conclusive evidence that he was, to all practical purposes, an idiot and therefore totally irresponsible. Nevertheless the jury, after listening to a charge from the

court which was virtually an order for acquittal, brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding judge then addressed Paine. "You will move for a new trial, I presume, Mr. Paine?" The lawyer rose, and, with an air that was painful in its solemnity, "I thank your Honor for your suggestion," he said, "but I am oppressed with the gravest doubts as to whether I have the right to move for a new trial in this case. Your Honor, I have already asked for and have received for my idiot client the most precious heritage of our American and English common law—a trial by a jury of his peers." The judge ordered the verdict to be set aside.

**B**EFORE Wendell Phillips was well known as an Abolitionist he went to Charleston, S. C., and put up at the hotel. He had his breakfast served in his room and was waited on by a slave. Mr. Phillips seized the opportunity to represent to the negro in a pathetic way that he regarded him as a man and brother, and, more than that, that he himself was an Abolitionist. The colored man either did not comprehend or else was entirely indifferent, for Mr. Phillips

## *Phillips*

*The Abolitionist  
and his black  
brother have a  
mutual misun-  
derstanding*

Potter  
*An incendiary  
experiment*

became disgusted and told him to go away, saying that he declined to be waited on by a slave. "You must 'scuse me, massa," said the negro, "I'se 'bliged to stay here, 'cause I'm 'sponsible for the silverware."

BISHOP POTTER, whose Low Church views are well known, was once asked by a young priest of High Church tendencies, who had just been called to a church the very opposite of ritualistic, what would happen if he tried the experiment of burning a little incense. The bishop quickly replied, "Your congregation would be incensed, your vestrymen would fume, and you would go out in smoke."

*"Thistles and thorns prick sore,  
But evil tongues prick more."*

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, the Lord Chief Justice of England, was an Irishman and possessed all the wit so natural to a son of the soil. In the early part of his career at the bar he was in court during the trial of a case of bigamy, and one of the counsel in the case asked him in a hurried whisper, "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," was the prompt reply.

Sir Charles was once examining a witness. The question was about the size of certain hoof-prints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?—holding up his hand for the witness to see. "Oh, no!" said the witness, "it was just an ordinary hoof." Then Sir Charles had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.

LORD ROSEBERY is guilty of a few very good *bon mots* and witty replies. He was seated by a lady at dinner one

Russell

*The penalty fits  
the crime*

*Concerning the  
size of certain  
hoof-prints*

Rosebery

*His apt  
definition of  
memory*

*A prophetic  
wish gratified*

day, when she suddenly asked him if he could define what "memory" was. "Why, yes, my dear madam, memory is a feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."

When very young he was asked by a visitor what way he intended to distinguish himself when he became a man. Young Primrose replied without any hesitation, "By winning the Derby!" "Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed the visitor who was opposed to horse-racing, "I should have thought you would want to be a statesman, perhaps prime minister." "Why, of course," the boy answered, "prime minister and then a Derby winner." The boy's ambition was gratified; he became prime minister, and also owned a horse which won the Derby.

Roosevelt

*The only  
animal on record  
to frighten  
Teddy*

ONE CAN hardly realize that President Roosevelt was ever afraid, and yet he pleads guilty to the impeachment. He was only a wee boy in short trousers. He was passing a Presbyterian church one Saturday just as the janitor was cleaning it. "Come in, my little man, if you want to," said the sexton. "No, thank you," young Teddy replied, "I



know what you have got in there." The sexton was rather surprised, and said: "I haven't anything little boys may not see. Come in." "I'd rather not," answered Teddy, and walked away. That evening he told his mother of the incident, and she asked him why he did not enter. With some shyness the little fellow said he was afraid the "zeal" might spring out from a pew and eat him. "The zeal? What is the zeal?" his mother asked. "Why," explained the future president, "I suppose it is an alligator, or some wild beast. I went there to church last Sunday with uncle, and I heard the minister read from the Bible about the 'zeal,' and it frightened me." The mother took down the concordance and read over the passages in which the word was used. Presently the boy said, "Yes, that's it." And his mother read: "For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The text had frightened young Teddy, who in after years was to be renowned as a man who knew not what fear meant.

On one occasion, just after the Cuban war, Mr. Roosevelt visited Cornell University. The students, gratified by his

*Rather rough on  
the Rough Rider*

visit and desirous of showing their appreciation, entertained him at one of the fraternity houses. Just as he was about to leave, one of his staff said to him, "Colonel, the boys have the foundation of a capital library, and I think they would appreciate a copy of your *ROUGH RIDERS*." "All right, boys," said the colonel heartily, "I'll be glad to send one with my compliments. The book will be but a very small return for your hospitality." Here one of the students broke in excitedly, "That's so, Colonel, I've read it."

*Richards*

*The Head-  
master's bold  
stratagem  
narrowly costs  
him his neck*

A GOOD story is told at the expense of Dr. Richards, Headmaster of the Tiverton Grammar School, in England. He had some choice grapes growing against the garden wall, under the boys' dormitory windows. Jack Russell, afterwards known as Parson Jack, used to be let down by his mates in a clothes-basket, and hauled up with a good supply of grapes. One night the doctor took his place under the vine with his gardener, who was ordered to lay hold of the boy in the basket and muffle his mouth lest he should cry out. This he did when Jack Russell descended, and

# IN LIGHTER VEIN

I I 9

Dr. Richards took his place in the basket. The boys hauled away, wondering at the accession of weight, but when they saw the doctor's head level with the window, panic-stricken they let go of the rope, and away went the doctor and basket to the ground. No bones were broken, and the doctor never alluded to his adventure.

*But he proves  
game*

*"The eyes are the windows of  
a woman's heart; you may  
enter that way."*

*Scott*

*The riddle in  
Scott's  
"Marmion"*

SIR WALTER SCOTT has been accused of introducing a riddle in his poem "Marmion" as originally written. It was contained in the lines:

"Charge, Chester, charge! On,  
Stanley, on!  
Breathed the dying Marmion.  
Were I in noble Stanley's place,  
A tear in every eye you'd trace  
Of those who, pressing close to death,  
Caught the hero's parting breath."

Take the lines literally and substitute "I" for "Stanley" in the first line, and you have, "On-I-On," which naturally would cause a "tear in every eye of those who caught the hero's parting breath."

On one occasion Scott was walking with his friend Morritt through the town of Barnard Castle, where was situated the inn, "The Burns' Head," which had a portrait of the poet for a sign. Morritt pointed it out to Scott and asked him if it was like the poet.

*Not a faithful  
likeness of  
Robbie*

# IN LIGHTER VEIN

I 2 I

"How long has it been there?" Scott asked. "Two or three years," was the answer. "Then it's not like Robbie," said Scott; "Robbie would never have stayed so long outside a public house!"

During his tour in Ireland in 1825, Sir Walter Scott visited Glendalough and its show places, including St. Kevin's Bed. He was the first lame man that had ever climbed into the Bed, and Mr. Plunket, son of Lord Chancellor Plunket, told the female guide, after Sir Walter had moved on, that he was a poet. "Poet," she exclaimed, "not a bit av it, but a rale honorable gintleman, sir; he guv me half a crown!"

Sir Walter was sitting in his library one day when a tall Highlander, who had been building an inn near by, came in and said, "May it please you, Sir Walter, I am going to call my place, 'The Flodden Inn,' and as ye've writ a poem on 'Flodden Field,' it struck me and the gude wife that ye might gi'e us a line for a motto." "Have you read the poem?" Sir Walter asked. "No, sir; I'm nae a reader." "Well, I would advise you to read the poem, and take a line from it." "And what'll it be?"

*Sir Walter  
climbs into St.  
Kevin's Bed*

*Sir Walter  
alters a line of  
"Flodden  
Field" to the  
delights of the  
Highland  
innkeeper*

*Sheepshanks*

*The Bishop  
proves himself  
a courteous and  
cavalierous  
gentleman*

Sir Walter, without a smile, replied: 'Drink, weary traveller; drink and pray.'" "But my inn's no' a kirk; and the more prayin' there is the less drinkin' there'll be, an' I dinna want that." "Oh," laughed the poet, "I think I can alter the line—'Drink, weary traveller; drink and pay.'" "The verra thing!" shouted the man, highly delighted with the appropriate motto.

DR. SHEEPSHANKS, the Bishop of Norwich, tells a story of rustic innocence which is refreshing. On one occasion his steps led him past a picturesque cottage, in a town where he was to hold a confirmation. A pretty little garden separated the cottage from the road, finished off with a neat hedge and a green gate. "Oh, please, sir," said a voice from the other side of the hedge, "would you open the gate for me?" This the bishop at once did. Then, to his surprise, instead of a tiny child he had expected to see, there stepped forth a girl quite big enough to have opened the gate for herself. "And why, my dear," asked Dr. Sheepshanks, "could you not open the gate for yourself?" "Please, sir, because the

# IN LIGHTER VEIN

I 2 3

paint's wet." A glance at his hand testified to the bishop but too plainly the truth of her statement.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN was always very strict with regard to his music. A member of a certain company, who had a remarkably quick ear for picking the melodies, but was too much given to singing by ear, occasionally got his notes a little mixed and deviated from the written score. Sullivan listened until the song was finished, and then said: "Bravo! That is really a very good tune of yours—capital! And now, if you have no objection, I will trouble you to sing mine."

Sir Arthur used to tell the following story with evident pleasure. He was traveling on a stage-coach in California some years ago. "As we drove up to a mining-camp where we had to get down for refreshments, the driver said, 'They are expecting you here, Mr. Sullivan.' I was much pleased, and, when I reached the place, I came across a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky store. The foremost of them came up to a big, burly man by my side, and said, 'Are you Mr. Sullivan?' The man said, 'No!'

Sullivan

*A tuneful  
improvisation*

*Sir Arthur  
denies that he is  
the famous  
slugger*

*And receives an  
invitation from  
a convivial  
Californian*

*Difficult to  
disguise*

and pointed to me. The citizen looked at me rather contemptuously, and, after a while, said, 'How much do you weigh?' I thought this a rather curious method of testing the power of a composer, but I at once answered, 'About one hundred and sixty-two pounds.' 'Well,' said the man, 'that's odd to me, anyhow! Do you mean to say that you gave fits to John S. Blackmore down in Kansas City?' I said, 'No — I did not give him fits.' He then said, 'Well, who are you?' I replied, 'My name is Sullivan.' 'Ain't you John L. Sullivan, the slugger?' I disclaimed all title to that, and told him I was Arthur Sullivan. 'Oh — Arthur Sullivan!' he said. 'Are you the man as put "Pinafore" together?' rather a gratifying way of describing my composition. I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' returned the citizen, 'I am sorry you ain't John L., but, still, I'm glad to see you, anyway. Let's have a drink.'"

On another occasion he was listening to a rehearsal under the direction of Michael Gunn, of Dublin, who was to produce the opera. One of the singers sang in a sort of affected Italian-English. Sullivan interrupted, and said:



"That accent won't do for sailors or pirates. Give us a little less Mediterranean and a little more Whitechapel." Here Gunn turned to the singer, and said: "Of what nationality are you? You don't sound Italian." The actor dropped his Italian accent and in a good, old-fashioned brogue, replied, "Shure, Mr. Gunn, I'm from the banks of the Liffey, loike yourself."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in a letter to a friend giving a vivid description of a wet day at Edinburgh, wrote: "Everything drips and soaks, — the very statues seem wet to the skin."

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON was one of the most witty men who ever entered a pulpit, or taught a student. A young man, whose name was Partridge, appeared one year at Spurgeon's college supper and returned the next year. "Glad to see you again, Mr. Partridge," said Spurgeon. "My name isn't Partridge, sir; it's P-a-t-r-i-d-g-e." "Oh, well, I won't make *game* of you any more," was Spurgeon's rejoinder.

One Sunday morning, while a hymn was being sung in his church, a note was handed to Spurgeon, acquainting

Stevenson

*A very wet day  
at Edinburgh*

Spurgeon

*Making game  
of Partridge*

*A quotation of  
double  
significance*

*The theological student wittily applies the story of Zaccheus to his own embarrassing position*

him with the fact that he had become the father of twins. At the end of the hymn he walked to the front of the platform, read the announcement, and quoted:

“Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God hath given me more.”

It was his custom to send theological students under his care into the pulpit with sealed envelopes containing texts which they were required to expound at sight, or themes upon which they were to discourse. On one occasion a student, on opening his paper, found the subject and direction given him: “Apply the story of Zaccheus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry.” The student for a moment was puzzled, but, recovering quickly, delivered himself in the following way: “My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you today is a comparison between Zaccheus and myself. Well, the first thing we read about Zaccheus is that he was small in stature, and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he was up in a tree, which is very much my position now. And, thirdly, we read that

Zaccheus made haste to come down, and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."

A GENERATION ago there lived an excellent actor bearing the name of Seymour. It was in the good old days when a star traveled from town to town to play lead with the local stock company. Seymour had the nickname of "Chouse," which he hated intensely. It came to him in this wise. He was playing Othello at the Theatre Royal, Cork, when, either through inadvertence or other cause he, in the well-known passage—"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee; and, when I love thee not, chaos is come again"—pronounced the word "chaos" as if written "chouse." A year after he again visited "Cork's own town," and on the Monday morning he found the walls covered, by some mischievous chalk artist, with the legend, "Chouse has come again!" In Limerick one night, when playing wonderfully well his favorite part, he was greeted in the dying scene by a voice from the gallery: "That's deuced good, Chouse!" The dying Othello sat up,

## Seymour

*The dying  
Othello dares a  
disturber in the  
gallery to come  
down and have  
his head punched*

Sullivan

*Barry Sullivan,  
the ranting  
tragedian, does a  
bit of realistic  
work*

shook his fist in the direction of the disturber, and invited him, if he were a man, to come down and have his head punched. There being no answer to the challenge, the hapless Moor solemnly turned over and proceeded to die according to the requirements of the part.

WHO DOES not remember Barry Sullivan, the greatest of the old ranting tragedians? Barry was always terribly in earnest; he lived his part, and many a scene had been spoiled through the nervousness of some young actor, or super, who had to be on the stage with him. On one occasion he was playing Macbeth in the Theatre Royal, Cork. A young actor, taking the part of a messenger, came on and excitedly approached Macbeth, saying:

“As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I looked toward Birnam, and, anon,  
methought  
The wood began to move.”

Macbeth strode over to the messenger and in a most vigorous manner exclaimed:

“Liar and Slave!”

at the same time striking him over the shoulder. Instead of the messenger answering in the language of Shakespeare, he struck back at the actor, and shouted: "Liar yourself! I only said what they told me!"

When playing the part in Dublin, he, in the dagger scene, fixed his eyes on the gallery, and, drawing himself back with all the gesture of fear, commenced that most powerful speech: "Is this a dagger, that I see before me now, its handle toward my hand?" To the astonishment of all and the complete destruction of the scene, an old woman rose from her seat in the gallery, and, holding up a bottle of Dublin stout, shouted: "Faix, no, yer Honor, it's no dagger but only a bottle av stout."

When any other tragedian played with the same company Sullivan had carefully rehearsed, there were always difficulties with the supers. Harry Lorraine was following Sullivan and challenging comparison by playing the same roles. At one town he had an unusual amount of trouble with a super as to his entrance. He had given the cue three or four times without effect,

*Another touch of realism*

*Waiting for the proper cue*

Salvini

*The actor  
overbears an  
ingenuous  
criticism of his  
Othello*

and when he expostulated, he was met with the reply that that was not the cue Mr. Sullivan had given. "Well, what was the cue?" Lorraine asked. "Why, sir, Mr. Sullivan always looked at me, and said, 'Come on! come on, you blithering idiot!'"

SALVINI tells of a criticism which he overheard when playing through the southern States. He had been playing Othello and on his return to the hotel, seeing he was not recognized, stood in the office a minute to hear what a colonel was telling the clerk about the "show." The colonel struck the desk with his fist as he said, "It was a mighty good show, but, tarnation take it, the nigger did as well as any of 'em." The "nigger" had heard enough, and went to his room pondering over the criticism he had overheard.

Sandys

*The greatest of  
English  
draughtsmen is  
an urbane  
and most  
accommodating  
gentleman*

FREDERICK SANDYS, who has been described by Ruskin as the greatest of English draughtsmen, and of whom Millais said he was worth any five Academicians, was once asked, before he was known to fame, to paint the portrait of the mayor of a town, who was a most estimable grocer. The spokesman of

the deputation said that the committee was prepared to pay as high as £50 for a good portrait, but on seeing the artist's face grow long, added that they only wanted a half-length.

"Oh, of course, that makes a difference," said the artist most urbanely. "Which half would you prefer, gentlemen?"

**D**EAN STANLEY was dining out, and was very late. When he came his collar was unfastened, and the ends vibrated like little white wings upon the head of a cherub. People could not but look at him with curiosity during the dinner, and at length, with due precaution, his hostess ventured to ask him if he knew that his collar had broken loose. "Oh, yes," answered the dean, "do you mind?" "Not at all," said the lady. "Then I don't mind, either; the button dropped off while I was dressing," and the dean continued his conversation. "It was not absence of mind," says Andrew Lang, who tells the story, "but unrivaled presence of mind that the dean displayed. Any other human being would have been at the point of changing his shirt."

## Stanley

*A ludicrous  
incident  
illustrating Dean  
Stanley's  
unrivaled  
presence of mind*

Smith, Dean

*How  
"Presence-of-  
Mind" Smith  
earned his  
nickname*

IN THE early thirties the dean of Christchurch College, Oxford, was nicknamed "Presence-of-Mind" Smith. Tradition has explained the nickname. Going down to Nuneham with a friend in his undergraduate days, he returned alone. "Where is T——?" he was asked. "Oh, well, we had an accident: the boat leaked, and while we were bailing it, T—— fell over into the river. He caught hold of the skiff and pulled it down to the water's edge. Neither of us could swim; and if I had not with great presence of mind hit him on the head with the boat-hook, both would have been drowned." This gem of the purest water is told by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, in his REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD.

Smith,

Sydney

*Sydney Smith  
notes a  
remarkable  
phenomenon*

A VERY good story is told by Dr. E. J. Hopkins, the famous organist, of Sydney Smith, whom he still remembers. He says that a well-known attendant at St. Paul's was a Miss Hackett, who loved to hear the deep bass of the organ, a smile always gathering round her lips as the organ thundered forth. Sydney Smith had noticed this, and Dr. Hopkins remembers hearing



him say to the organist, "Have you noticed, Mr. Goss, that whenever your organ thunders, Miss Hackett's face always lightens?"

THE ELDER Sothern, the creator of the Lord Dundreary fame, was extremely sensitive to interruptions of any sorts. Seeing a man in the act of leaving his box during the delivery of one of the actor's best speeches, he shouted out, "Hi, you sir, do you know there is another act?" The offender was equal to the occasion, however; he turned to the actor and answered cheerfully, "Oh, yes, that's why I'm going!"

Sothern once gave a dinner to a dozen gentlemen, of whom one, designated as Thompson, was late. The others had just sat down to their soup, when a loud ring announced the arrival of Thompson. Sothern hastily exclaimed: "Let us all get under the table. Fancy Thompson's surprise when he beholds a long table devoid of guests." Sothern's love of practical joking was so well known that the proposition did not astonish his guests, and in a couple of seconds every man was concealed under the table. Thompson entered just as

*Sothern*

*The offender  
was equal to the  
occasion*

*Sothern plays an  
unexpected joke  
upon his dinner  
guests*

Sothorn, who had only made a half dive, had resumed his place at the head of the table. The guest stared, and exclaimed, "Where are all the fellows?" Sothorn shook his head in a lugubrious fashion, and in melancholy tones replied, "I can't explain it, my dear fellow, but the moment they heard your name they all got under the table." The expression on the faces of all the hoaxed guests, as they slowly emerged from their concealment, can be better imagined than described.

Sigsbee

*The Captain  
feels like a sperm  
whale doing  
crochet work*

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE, the commander of the *Maine*, having to make a speech on one occasion, compared himself to an old sailor who was reluctantly persuaded to accept an invitation to afternoon tea. When he got back to the ship the master inquired, "Well, Brown, did you get to the tea?" "I did, sir." "And how did you feel there?" "I felt like a sperm whale doing crochet work," was the sailor's reply.

Stowe

*A good story on  
the author of  
"Uncle Tom's  
Cabin"*

DR. WISE says that he was dining once with Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, when Mr. Beecher said that he had received a letter from a Catholic priest saying that

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN had been translated, by him, into Italian, and adding, "if I could only kiss the woman who had written that noble book I would die happy." Mr. Beecher said, "I sent him a picture of you, Harriet, and nothing has been heard of him since."

THE GENIAL dramatist and author of the DAGONET BALLADS, George R. Sims, has made a collection of well-authenticated "Slips of the tongue," from which may be quoted the following excellent ones:

A clergyman in London preaching on Jonah and the whale, let fall the following sentence: "And Jonah, as you know, my brethren, lay three days and three nights in the welly of the bale."

A Church of England curate astonished his congregation by giving out as his text: "The cock wept, and Peter went out and crew bitterly."

A rector leaving his parish for his health, caused his curate to refer to the fact from the pulpit. The latter feelingly announced that the whole parish would feel the loss of their "shoving leopard."

Another clergyman, addressing his congregation, meant to say, "Many of

## Sims

*Unique  
examples of  
lapsus linguæ*

*"The welly of  
the bale"*

*A mixed text*

*The parish lose  
their "shoving  
leopard"*

*"Half-swarmed  
fish in their  
bearts"*

*"Duff and dem"*

*The Bishop  
wants a  
"bandy-bag"*

*Mrs. Langtry's  
break*

*"And let the  
parson cough"*

*Charles  
Calvert's amus-  
ing slip*

you will have a half-formed wish in your hearts," startled the assemblage by saying, "Many of you will have a half-warmed fish in your hearts."

A clergyman at Croydon, near London, announced: "The collection today is in aid of the college for the dem and duff." Instantly correcting himself, he said, "I mean duff and dem."

A bishop walked into the store of Messrs. Drew and Sons, the well-known makers of portmanteaux and "Gladstone" bags, and paralyzed the entire establishment by saying that he wanted a bandy-hag to travel with. The assistant guessed he meant a handy-bag.

Slips of the tongue are often made on the stage, even by the most prominent actors and actresses. Mrs. Langtry at one performance said to her stage lover, "Let us retire and seek a nosey cook."

An actor at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, turned, "Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass," into, "Stand back, my lord, and let the parson cough."

Charles Calvert, one of the most painstaking readers on the stage, was

playing Henry V, at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and he had to say to one of his old soldiers, that instead of going to battle he should have a "good soft pillow for that good white head;" what he did say was, "a good white pillow for that good soft head."

A well-known actor who has often been applauded by New York theatergoers, in one of his speeches intended to say, "Royal bold Cæsar," but forgot himself in his excitement and said, "Boiled rolled Cæsar, I present thee with my sword."

A nervous, excited young actor exclaimed: "Dare to harm one head of her hair, and the last moment shall be your next."

An actor was playing the Captain in "Dick Whittington." In one scene he was to introduce himself to the Emperor. He bowed and exclaimed, "I am the Shiptain of the Cap!" Then, quickly correcting himself, said, "I mean the Shaptain of the Kip!" Again, in an instant, he cried, "I should have said the Kiptain of the Shap." He did not try again to get off the difficult introduction.

*Another by a  
well-known  
actor*

*A paralyzing  
threat*

*The Captain  
introduces  
himself to the  
Emperor*

*Somewhat  
confusing*

Sheridan  
*Tom discusses  
with his father  
the doctrine of  
necessity*

A young officer drilling some recruits and being very anxious not to make a mistake, gave out the following command: "And now you take seven partridges from your couch."

THOMAS SHERIDAN, who was a clergyman and grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, had a great distaste for metaphysical discussions, whereas his son Tom, the actor, had a great liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity. "Pray, father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?" The Rev. Tom, who saw what was coming, said, "Yes, certainly." "Indeed?" "Yes, indeed." "What,—total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Yes,—total, entire, thorough indifference." "My dear father," said Tom, "tell me what it is you can do with—mind! total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Why, listen to you, Tom," replied his father.

*"Like melons, friends are to be found in plenty, of which not even one is good in twenty."*

AT A dinner a very gushing young lady was seated next the poet, and to his annoyance she continued to talk to him in quotation from his poems.

"Birds in the high Hall garden  
When twilight was falling,  
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,  
They were crying and calling."

Thus she quoted, adding, "The lines are so realistic I fancy I can hear the nightingale singing." "Nonsense, madam, nonsense," Tennyson replied, "they were rooks, madam, rooks."

JOHN L. TOOLE, that irrepressible, but always funny comedian, tells a good story of an experience he had with an English policeman. Toole was strolling home from the theater and, to pass away the time, got into conversation with a "bobby." Pleased with the flattering opinion the officer expressed of the comedian, Toole thought to reward him by sending him a copy of his recently

## Tennyson

*The poet is annoyed by a very gushing young lady*

## Toole

*A strange beverage, but the "bobby" is undoubtedly willing*

*Sir Henry  
Irving tells a  
good story  
characteristic of  
the comedian*

published MEMOIRS. At the hotel door, Toole asked, "Do you like reminiscences?" "Well, thank you, sir," replied the policeman, sinking his voice to a whisper, "I'm afraid there's no house open!"

Sir Henry Irving tells a story of Toole which is characteristic. "One afternoon Toole and I were strolling together at the time we were playing Byron's drama of UNCLE DICK'S DARLING, at the Gaiety Theatre. We came across a crowd surrounding a prostrate man who had been absorbing not wisely but too well a portion of the contents of a barrel of spirits that had burst, and was flowing down the gutter. Toole saw the situation, and pushed his way through the crowd. 'Hallo, here's a doctor,' they said, and fell back. I was close at his heels and acted as his assistant. Toole felt the man's pulse, and, having laid his hands upon the patient's forehead, cheeks and chin, he placed the drunken man's hat over his eyes, with an injunction that the crowd should let him sleep on a while, which was indeed the best advice he could give. We hailed a passing hansom and drove off.



# IN LIGHTER VEIN

I 4 I

Presently we pulled up to reconnoiter, and heard a howl of derision. The crowd had removed the man's cap, to find that his face was adorned with a certain label which Toole carried in his pockets in those days, bearing the words, 'Uncle Dick's Darling'!"

One night Toole and John F. Warden, the manager of the Belfast Theatre Royal, entered a hotel, where they were both well known. Mr. Toole ordered a bottle of champagne, and asked the proprietor whether he would allow payment to stand over till a bet that had just been made was decided. The hotel-keeper readily assented, and the bottle was uncorked, the host accepting an invitation to drink. After chatting for a while, Mr. Toole and his friend prepared to depart. Then the proprietor hinted that he would like to know the result of the bet, and what it was about. "Oh," said Mr. Warden, "we have been examining the Albert Memorial, and Mr. Toole has laid me odds that when it falls it will be in the direction of Corporation Street, and I have bet him that, instead, it will fall toward Victoria Street!"

*Toole and  
Warden make a  
shrewd bet  
and the landlord  
pays the bill*

*The comedian  
delivers a lecture  
on China proper  
and improper*

Toole was once asked to deliver a short lecture at a charity fair, and he took for his subject, "China." When the hour arrived the hall was crowded. Toole appeared in a dress-suit, carrying a long wand. On the wall was hung what appeared to be a large map, one part colored in pink, the other in blue. Toole pointed at the map with his wand, and said: "China is divided into two parts, China proper, and China improper. Of China proper, very little is known; of China improper, the less known the better." While the audience laughed at this Toole slipped out, and after waiting fully fifteen minutes the audience realized that Toole had sold them, and they left the hall, laughing over their own discomfiture. The charity realized two thousand dollars by the lecture.

*Toole salutes the  
brewer with  
snatches of  
popular melody  
to that individual's disgust*

Joseph Hatton in his CIGARETTE PAPERS writes about the intimacy between Toole and Sims Reeves, the eminent tenor. Toole once called at a hotel where he had been informed Sims Reeves was staying, and was directed to the garden. Believing that an individual sitting in a chair and

reading a newspaper was the eminent tenor, Toole crept up and saluted him with a snatch of "My Pretty Jane," of which Toole could give an excellent imitation. Reeves took no notice, and Toole went for the tenor again, this time trying a full verse of "Come into the Garden, Maud." Reeves got up and took another seat. Toole gave him a taste of "Tom Bowling," whereupon Reeves turned upon him to inquire what the devil he meant. It was Reeves, a brewer, and not the famous tenor.

**D**R. TEMPLE, Archbishop of Canterbury, had an intense hatred of all humbug. One evening he was seated at dinner next to a garrulous lady, who, anxious to bring into her conversation that spirit of devoutness which she thought would be most pleasing to her companion, asked the archbishop whether he believed in the interference of Divine Providence in human affairs; and she instanced the case of her aunt, who had recently failed to make connection with a train at a London station, and had thus escaped being injured in a terrible disaster which occurred some distance from town. "Do you not, my

Temple

*The  
Archbishop's  
gruff rejoinder  
to a garrulous  
lady*

*"Hang the  
picture!"  
replies the  
Archbishop*

lord, regard that as a peculiarly marked interference of a beneficent Providence?" she asked, simperingly, to which, in his strident tones, Dr. Temple replied: "Can't say. Don't know your aunt!"

The archbishop was always very impatient of bores, especially clerical bores. One of the clergy of his diocese, who had pestered him a great deal, wrote an inordinately long letter describing a picture which he proposed to put up in the chancel of his church, and asked permission to do so. By the time the archbishop had reached the end of the letter his patience was quite exhausted, and he hastily wrote on a postal card: "Dear——: Hang the picture!" The clergyman never could quite decide that he had obtained proper authority, and so the picture remained unhung.

### Twain

*Mark Twain  
spends his spare  
time in compil-  
ing a pun*

MARK TWAIN told the London Authors' Club, whose members were entertaining him, that he had used all his spare time in compiling a pun. He had brought it to lay at their feet, and not to ask for their indulgence, but for their applause. It was in these words: "Since England and America have been joined together

in Kipling, may they not be severed in Twain."

Twain and a friend were walking together in Hartford, when Twain suddenly drew himself up, patted himself on the chest, and exclaimed, "Mark, the perfect man!" to the great amusement of his companion; and then as they were about to separate, the friend, having some distance to go, tried to persuade Mark to go with him. But Mark wanted to go home, and declined, whereupon his friend, taking him by the arm, quoted, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." And Twain went.

On the day that the London Savage Club was to entertain Mark Twain, a rumor reached the secretary that Twain had died suddenly, and the secretary telegraphed to the hotel to ascertain the facts. Twain got the message and answered in these words: "Rumor of my death greatly exaggerated."

When Twain was in Vienna he sat, one day, talking with a Scotch lawyer named Guthrie. "Do you ever smoke?" Twain asked. "Yes, Mr. Clemens," replied Guthrie, "when I am in bad

*Mark is  
captured by an  
apt quotation*

*Rumor of his  
death  
exaggerated*

*He pokes a little  
fun at a Scotch  
lawyer*

Tomlins  
Concerning  
family respect  
and official  
duties

company." "You are a lawyer, aren't you?" asked Twain. "Yes, I am." "Ah," said Twain, "you must be a heavy smoker, then!"

WHEN Frederick Guest Tomlins, the critic-playwright of a generation ago, was engaged on *Ferrol's Newspaper*, now known as *Lloyd's Newspaper*, he had an office near by. A boy was employed to come every morning at eight o'clock to do the necessary sweeping and dusting. One Monday morning Tomlins arrived about nine o'clock and found the door locked, and, not having a key, walked about for some time waiting for the boy to turn up. When he arrived he was admonished by his employer for oversleeping. The boy began to cry, and declared that he had been up all night. "What's the matter, then?" said Tomlins. "Are you ill?" "Well, sir," replied the boy, "it's this way: my uncle was hung at the Old Bailey this morning, and although we were not on speaking terms with him, I thought, as one of the family, I ought to go to his funeral—at least, as near as I could." "Quite right, my boy," said Tomlins, "never neglect

family duties; but when another of your relations is to be hanged please to leave the office key under the door-mat."

A STORY is told of a repartee made long ago by Traill to a musical critic. He had just been told a story of a piano-tuner whose custom it was to purloin small quantities of crested note-paper from his various employers. "Ah," said Traill, "just like Tennyson's 'wanton lapwing,' which in the spring gets himself another crest!"

The application of the phrase is even better than Sir William Harcourt's notorious jest, made to Tennyson himself, about the delight of "the earliest pipe of half-awakened bards."

DR. THORNTON, the retired Bishop of Ballarat, was a great believer in temperance, and at one of the meetings he attended after his return to England he told this little experience. He was on a visitation tour and was landed late on a stormy night in a remote bush township. Not a light was to be seen save that which proceeded from the office of the local newspaper. The bishop knocked, and a voice from an upper

## Traill

*His repartee to  
a musical critic*

*Sir William  
Harcourt's  
notorious jest*

## Thornton

*The Bishop of  
Ballarat  
receives a bit of  
friendly counsel*

window called out, "Who's there?" "I am the Bishop of Ballarat. Could you kindly direct me to a hotel?" "I say, boys, guess who's the cove downstairs—the Bishop of Ballarat." Then there was a noise of ribald laughter from the composing-room. Presently the head reappeared at the window, and the voice gave this friendly counsel: "Look here, old man, you've had enough for one night. Go home and go to bed. O'Rafferty's on the beat, and if you don't make tracks you'll be run in as sure as eggs."

*Tooke*

*The eccentricities  
of John Horne  
Tooke*

JOHN HORNE TOOKE was a distinguished member of the Society of Eccentrics. He, to please his father, became a clergyman, but he was little fitted for such a calling. He resigned the church and studied law. He could not be admitted to the bar because he was an ordained clergyman. He entered politics, and was soon arrested on a charge of treason. When arraigned in court he demanded to be tried by "God and his country," taking a catch phrase literally; then he argued that the Constitution gave him the right to be tried by "his peers," and he exclaimed, "Find me



twelve men willing to be called my equals, my peers."

Once being asked by King George III whether he played cards, he replied, "I cannot, your Majesty, tell a *King* from a *Knave*."

**T**OLSTOI was essentially vain when young. His greatest sorrow, he says, was the reflection that he was very far from even being good-looking. "I fancied that there was no happiness on earth for a person with such a wide nose, such thick lips and such small gray eyes as I had; and I besought Heaven to work a miracle, to turn me into a beauty, and all I had in the present, or might have in the future, I would give in exchange for a handsome face."

*A bold bon mot*

Tolstoi

*The personal  
vanity of Tolstoi*

*"The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers, but the tongue is only busied in expanding the treasure received."*

Wesley

*There was  
method in his  
choice*

*Wesley adopts  
pretty tunes for  
his hymns*

Wordsworth

*The poet  
endeavors to see  
himself as others  
see him, and is  
successful*

AN OLD lady living in the Isle of Man tells of a tradition in her family about her grandfather who when a boy was a favorite with John Wesley. The first time Wesley noticed him, he asked, "Well, my little fellow, what are you going to be when you grow up?" "Oh," said the boy, "I'm going to be a preacher! There are always such good dinners when the preachers come."

It was John Wesley who, excusing himself for adopting secular tunes for some of his hymns, said that he did not think it right for the devil to have all the pretty tunes.

WORDSWORTH, the poet, was very anxious to know what the farmers about his lakeside home thought of him. One day he could not restrain his curiosity, and asked a child what her father thought of him. With childish innocence she replied, "He says

you're a daft idle body, who goes moaning about the hills, and has not wit enough to raise a field of oats." The child had heard the opinion so often that she was well able to repeat, even if she did not understand it.

**E**LLA WHEELER WILCOX is the author of an epigram which will live through the ages. It is bright, truthful and terse. She writes: "Divorce is a fire-escape from a domestic hell. But whoever uses it always smells of smoke afterward and usually bears scars and bruises for life."

**T**HE EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany got a sharp rebuff at a Court ball some little time since. At a review he had reprimanded the old General von Meerscheidt for losing his presence of mind at a critical moment. "If your Majesty thinks that I am getting too old, I beg of you to allow me to resign." "No, no," replied the kaiser, "you are too young to resign. Indeed, if your blood didn't course through your veins quite so fast, you would be a more useful army leader." On the evening of that day the kaiser met the general at a Court ball. The

## Wilcox

*Ella Wheeler  
Wilcox's  
Epigram on  
Divorce*

## William

*A sharp and  
well-merited  
rebuff for the  
young Kaiser*

general was talking to some young ladies. "Ah, Meerscheidt," cried William, "that is right—get ready to marry! Take a young wife; then that excitable temperament of yours will soon vanish." The old general bowed before his imperial master, and retorted: "I beg to be excused, your Majesty; a young emperor and a young wife would be more than I could possibly stand!"

*Whately*

*Clerical wit—  
some of  
Whately's  
genial witticisms*

WITH Archbishop Whately punning was second nature. One day a layman sought him and complained of the ritualistic practices of a certain clergyman. After telling of the various offenses against Low Church ritual, he said: "And would you believe it, my lord, he kisses his stole." Whether Whately approved or disapproved of the practice, the layman never knew, for the archbishop replied: "Well, Mr. B——, you will be the first to admit that that is a good deal better than if he stole a kiss."

*On the appointment of Day to the Bishopric of Dublin*

When Bishop Day was appointed Bishop of Dublin, the archbishop remarked that the people of Dublin were very inconsistent, for, said he, "they go to Day for a sermon, and to Morrow for

a novel," referring to Morrow's great lending library.

He was once accosted on the street by an importunate old beggar, who ought to have known that Whately never gave alms indiscriminately. "Go away," he said, "I never give anything to a beggar on the street." "And where wud yer reverence wish me to wait on yez?" retorted the beggar. He very nearly relaxed his rule when an old woman to whom he had given his customary reply, glancing down at his knee breeches and black silk stockings, said: "Musha, thin, I'd never think that a jintleman wid such foine calves wud have such a hard heart."

At a dinner at which John, Bishop of Cork, was present, he called out, "Though you are John Cork, you must not stop the bottle." The Corkonian was equal to the occasion, for he retorted, "Ah, my lord, I see you want to draw me out."

Speaking about the unpopularity of Bishop Knox of Down, Whately said, "Ah, the Government will not be able to stand many more such Knocks Down as this."

*"Such foine calves" has the Archbishop, but "such a hard heart"*

*He jests with John of Cork*

*Knocks the Bishop of Down*

To an assembly of divines he said that the difference between an Irish and an English preacher was that: "When you are listening to an English preacher, you want to stay awake, and he won't let you; when you hear an Irish preacher, you want to go to sleep, and he won't let you."

Whitefield

*Advice to public  
speakers*

THE REV. DR. WHITEFIELD gave some good advice to a preacher in reference to a peroration, advice which is equally good for any one who addresses a public audience:

"Begin low,  
Proceed slow;  
Rise higher,  
Take fire;  
When most impress'd,  
Be self-possess'd."

Whitman

*The poet helps  
George Childs  
along*

POOR, eccentric Walt Whitman was dependent during many years of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers. A few years before his death, one of his friends called upon him in his little house in Camden. "Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter?" "All right," answered Whitman, "I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays

me fifty dollars a month." "You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?" "Why, I ride in the cars. I fall into conversation with drivers and conductors, and find out which of them have no overcoats, and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet thoughtfully, "and then, you know, it helps Childs along."

**T**OM ROBERTSON, author of *CASTE, SCHOOL*, etc., tells a story of the last hours of the great humorist, known to fame as Artemus Ward. Just before Ward's death Robertson poured some medicine into a glass and offered it to his friend. Ward said, "My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff!" "Come, come," said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug, "there's a good fellow! Do, now, for my sake; you know I would do anything for you." "Would you?" asked Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time. "I would, indeed," said Robertson. "Then you take it," said Ward. The humorist passed away but a few hours afterward.

Ward,

Artemus

*The last joke of  
a great humorist*

Whistler

*The artist is  
mistaken for a  
salesman*

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, the famous and eccentric American artist, was one day trying on a hat in a London store, when a customer rushed in and mistaking the artist for a salesman, exclaimed, "I say, this 'at does n't fit!" The artist eyed him all over from head to foot, and then replied, "Neither does your coat, and I'll be hanged if I like the color of your trousers."

Willard

*Bartimeus  
Willard  
takes dinner  
with the lawyers*

BARTIMEUS WILLARD, one of the early settlers of Egremont, Massachusetts, was a ready wit, a keen satirist, and a natural poet. He was one day at Lenox during a session of the county court, and the lawyers there were much diverted with his poetical effusions and sallies of wit. One of the lawyers said to him, "Come, Barty, take dinner with us; it sha'n't cost you anything." He consented, and accompanied the lawyers. One said, "Barty, we want you to ask a blessing." Barty, who made no pretension to religion, said: "Well, if I do I hope you will behave as men should do on such an occasion and not make a mock of it; and I want some one to return thanks."



# IN LIGHTER VEIN

I 5 7

One was accordingly appointed. All stood up around the table, and Barty began thus:

“Lord of the climes,  
Haste on the times  
When death makes lawyers civil;  
Lord, stop their clack  
And send them back  
Unto their father devil.  
Don't let this band  
Infest our land,  
Nor let these liars conquer;  
Oh, let this club  
Of Beelzebub  
Insult our land no longer!  
They are bad, indeed,  
As thistle-weed,  
Which chokes our fertile mowing;  
Compare them nigh  
To the Hessian fly,  
Which kills our wheat when growing.  
Come sudden death,  
And cramp their breath,  
Refine them well with brimstone;  
And let them there  
To hell repair,  
And turn the devil's grin'stone.”

At the conclusion there was an oppressive silence. The landlord said they ate but little dinner; and the lawyer appointed to return thanks, rose and turned on his heel, without an attempt.

*And “blesses”  
them in rhyme:  
a most unique  
improvisation*

Westlake

*The Connecticut  
farmer has "a  
fling" at some  
legal friends*

JAMES WESTLAKE, a good old-fashioned Connecticut farmer, never let an opportunity pass of having "a fling" at the lawyers. He was noted for his story-telling, and one day, at the county seat, he happened to find the dining-room occupied by a number of lawyers. Nothing would do but that "Jimmy" must tell a story, and, consenting, he told the following:

Two lawyers were walking out one summer morning when they were met by an Irishman noted for his ready wit.

"Good morning, Pat," said one of the lawyers.

"Good morning, your honor," said Pat.

"Pat, my friend and myself have had quite an argument this morning as to whether there ever was an Irishman in heaven or not, and we have concluded to ask your opinion on the matter."

"Faix, an' there was one," says Pat.

"Well, how did he happen to get there?" asked the lawyer, at the same time nudging his friend to notice Pat's witty answer.

"Well," continued Pat, "there was once a good old Quaker who had an

Irishman living with him, and the Quaker told him that if he kept on and served him faithfully until he died he would take him to heaven with him. In the course of time the Quaker died, and the Irishman went to heaven with him. But when it was known that there was an Irishman in heaven there was a great time, and he was ordered out, but he refused to leave, unless he was put out by a regular course of law; and they searched heaven all over, but the divil a lawyer could they find; so there was one Irishman, but never a bit of a lawyer."

**J**UDGE WILDE, formerly on the Supreme Bench in Massachusetts, while at the bar was famous for his apt repartee. He was once trying a case and labored very hard to obtain a certain answer from a witness who was very reluctant to answer. The opposing counsel interrupted him with a side remark: "It's no use, Brother Wilde, to pump the witness further; you are only on a wild-goose chase." "Just so," immediately replied the counsel, "Wilde on one side and a goose on the other."

Wilde

*A wild-goose  
chase*

Wilberforce

*Position  
sometimes makes  
a difference*

**B**ISHOP WILBERFORCE, it is said, was once asked to remonstrate with a rector in his diocese for driving tandem. He did so, and the rector retorted: "What difference can it make whether the horses are driven on each side of the other, or one in front of the other?" To this the bishop replied: "Position does make a great difference sometimes. If I place my hands with the palms together and raise them to my face, a devotional effect is produced. If I extend them with my fingers out from my nose, an entirely different impression is conveyed."

Wiseman

*The Cardinal  
performs a  
miracle  
de convenance*

**I**N THE STORY OF MY LIFE, Augustus J. C. Hare tells a story of Cardinal Wiseman. A Mrs. Thurlow told him the story and vouched for its truth. The cardinal had been invited to dinner, but his host, forgetting that it was Friday and a fast day, had failed to provide a fast-day dinner. The cardinal was equal to the occasion, for he stretched out his hands in benediction over the table, and said, "I pronounce all this to be fish," and forthwith enjoyed all the good things heartily.

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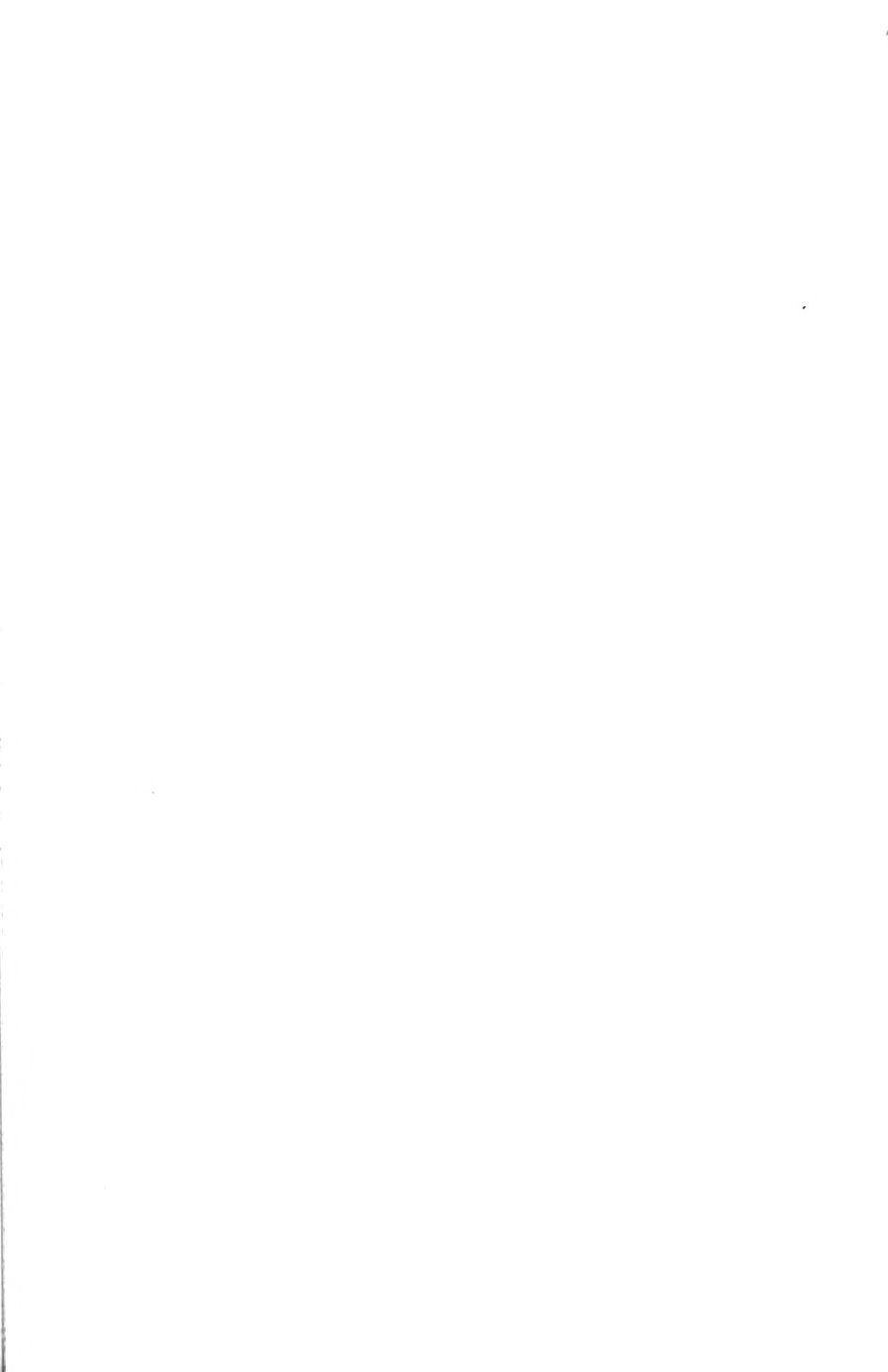
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